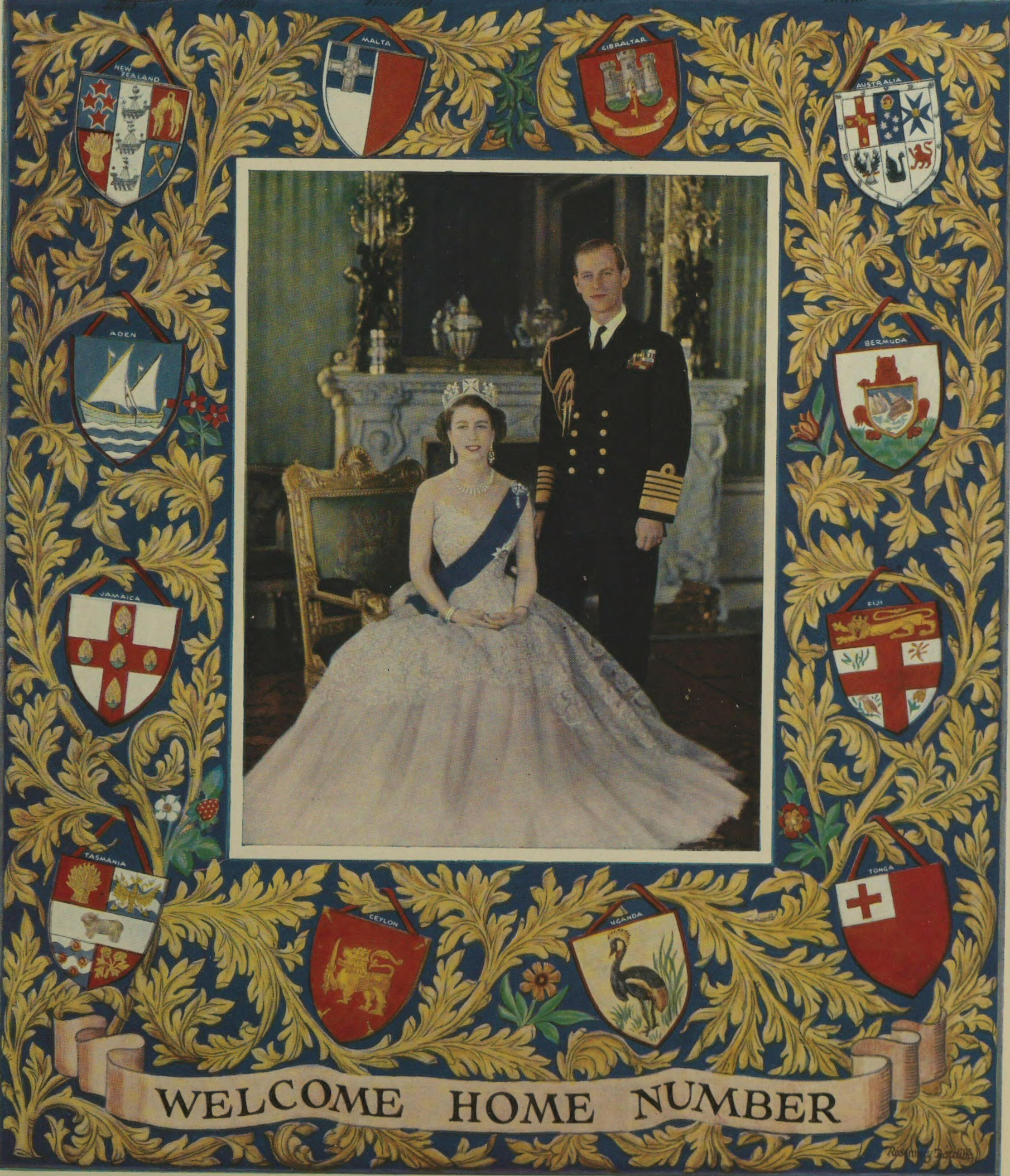
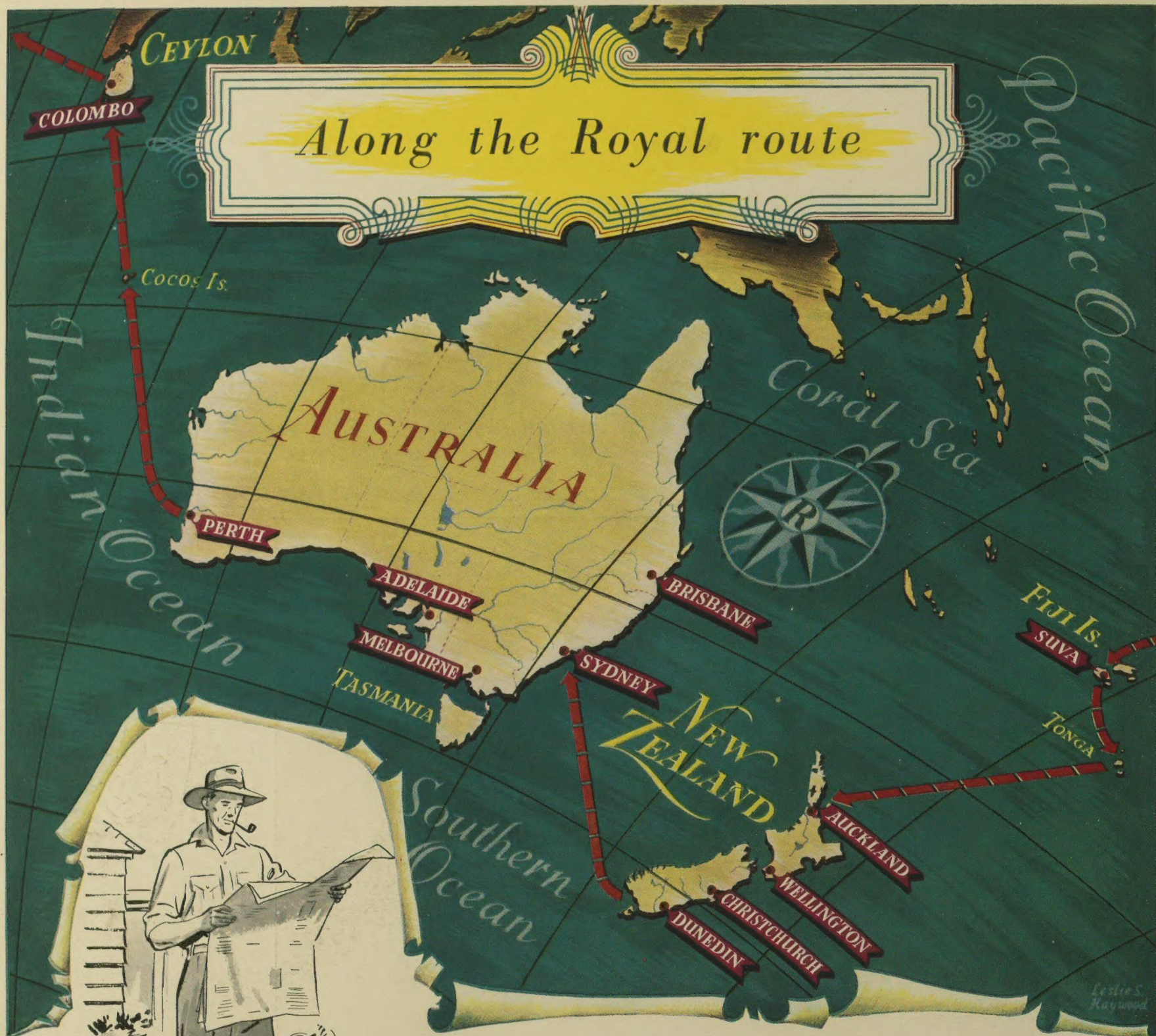


THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS



WELCOME HOME NUMBER



Reading history as it happens

To-day, even in the more remote corners of the earth, history can be read while in the making. Through their newspapers, peoples of every race and tongue watch events shaping the future and share the inspiration of unforgettable occasions. Newsprint, made by great machines in vast quantities, has in these recent months enabled Her Majesty's subjects throughout the Commonwealth — indeed throughout the world — to follow every step of the Queen's memorable journey.

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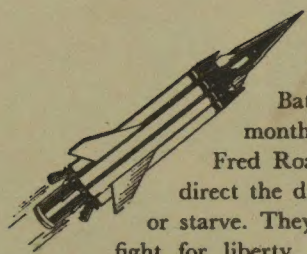
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THE FACE AND VOICE AND HEART OF ENGLAND . . . No. 3 in a series



“We must recollect... what it is we have at stake,
what it is we have to contend for. It is for our property,
it is for our liberty, it is for our independence,
nay, for our existence as a nation...”

WILLIAM PITT, 1759-1806



In the firelit nights and ruined days of the Battle of Britain and through the tortured months of the Battle of the Atlantic, men like Fred Roast, stevedore on the London Docks, faced direct the dreadful truth of a nation who must import or starve. They needed no telling that this was indeed a fight for liberty, independence, very existence; and when it was over they and the rest of the 49,000,000 who live in Britain knew it must never happen again. They knew too that pacts and pledges and

pieces of paper were empty things unless Britain and her allies had the force to back them. And they have agreed and supported a policy of prepared strength and vigilance which will keep them inviolate from any future aggression. One of the British companies adding teeth to this policy is the great Hawker Siddeley Group. In addition to superb aircraft... the Hawker Hunter, Armstrong Whitworth Sea Hawk, Gloster Javelin, Avro Vulcan bomber... the Group is now concentrating much of its activity and forward-planning on the new science of Rockets and Guided Missiles—the West's most potent answer to atomic attack.

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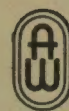
Getting down to the rust, Mr. Toogood?

The man about the house shares with
industry a constant concern in limiting damage
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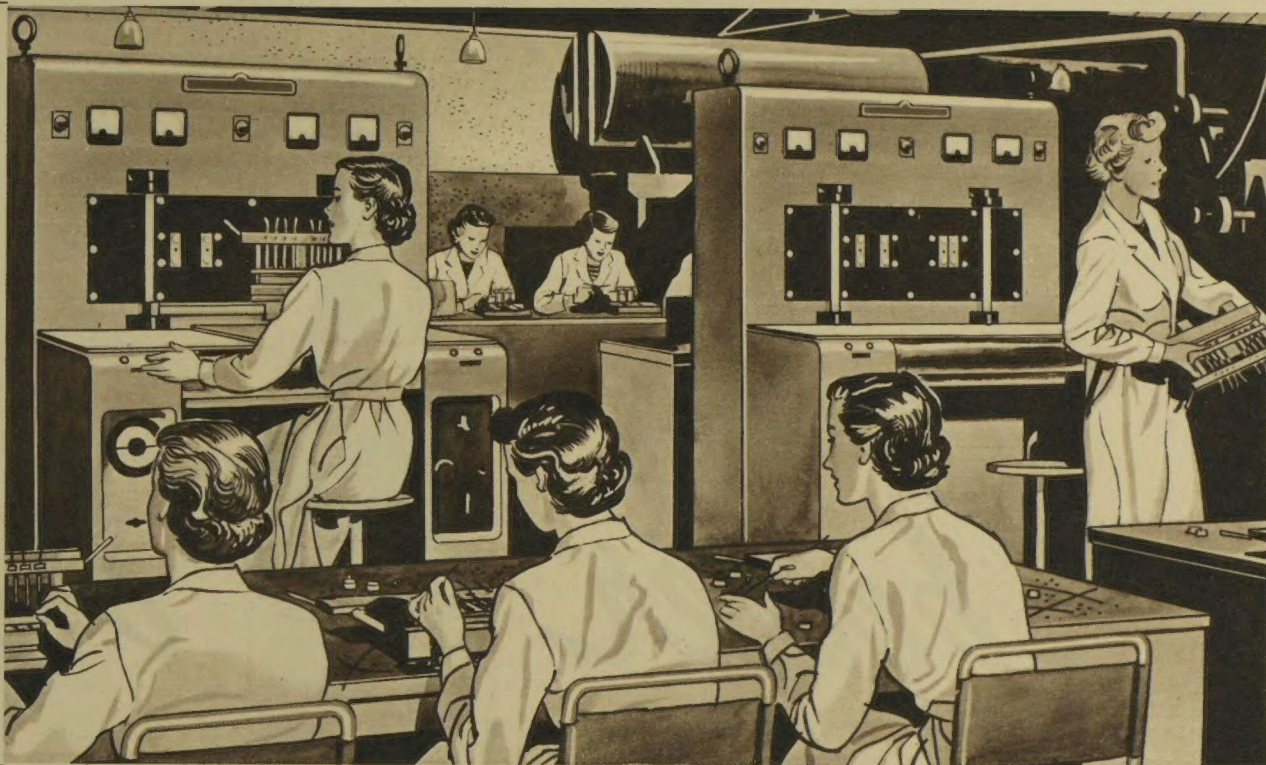
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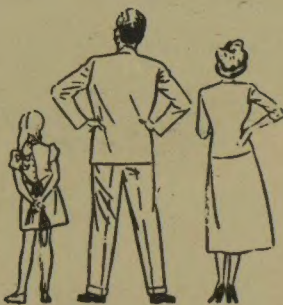


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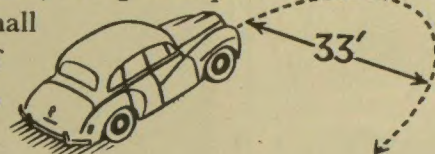
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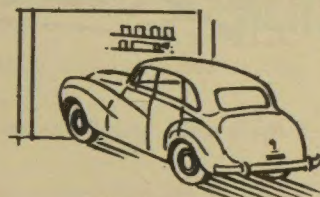
Ease of Handling. Preselector fluid transmission makes the most tricky navigation quite effortless. The small turning circle of 33' adds greatly to manoeuvrability.



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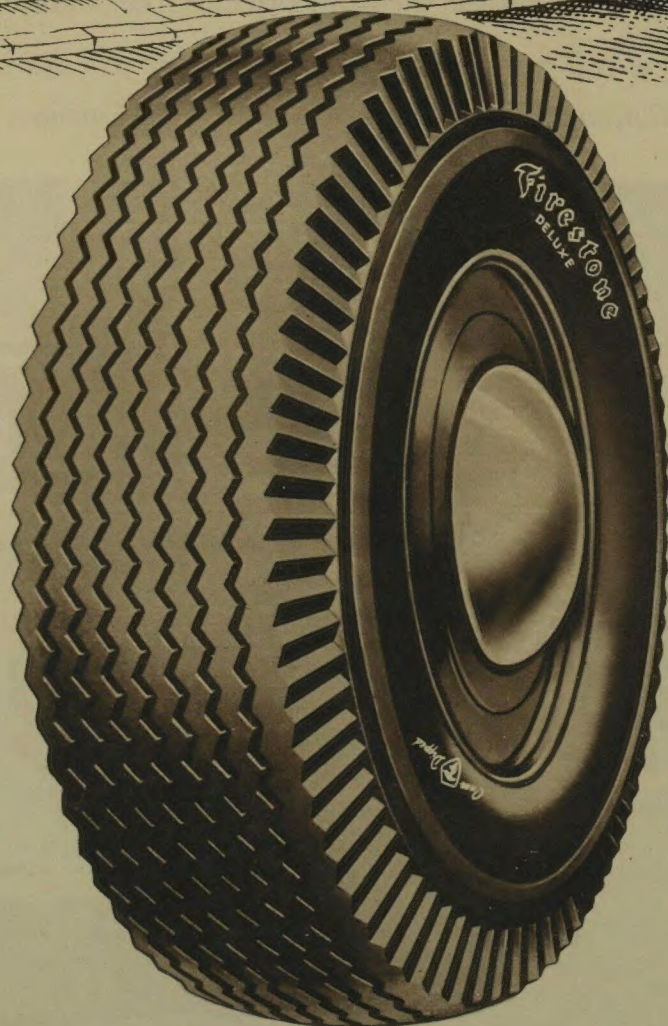
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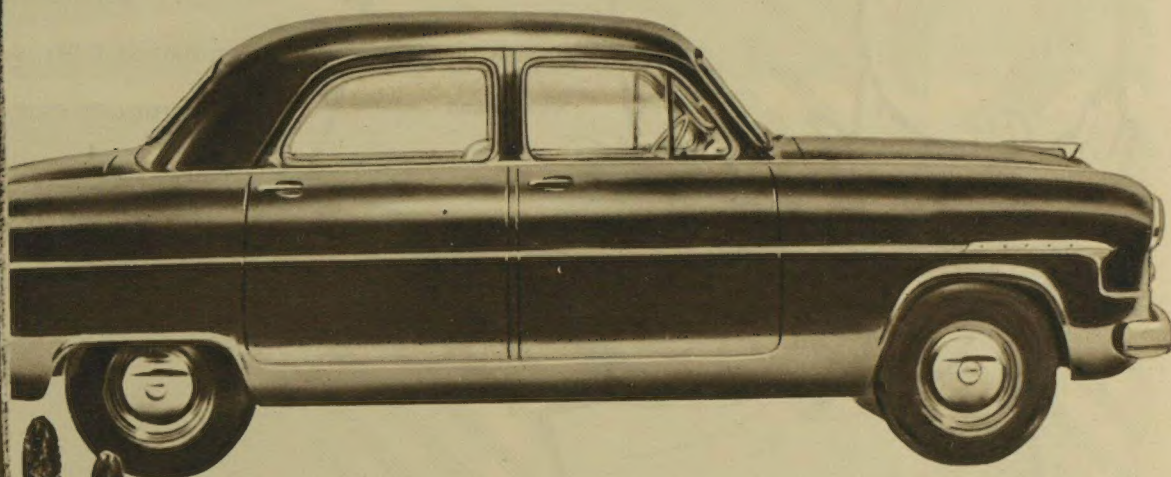
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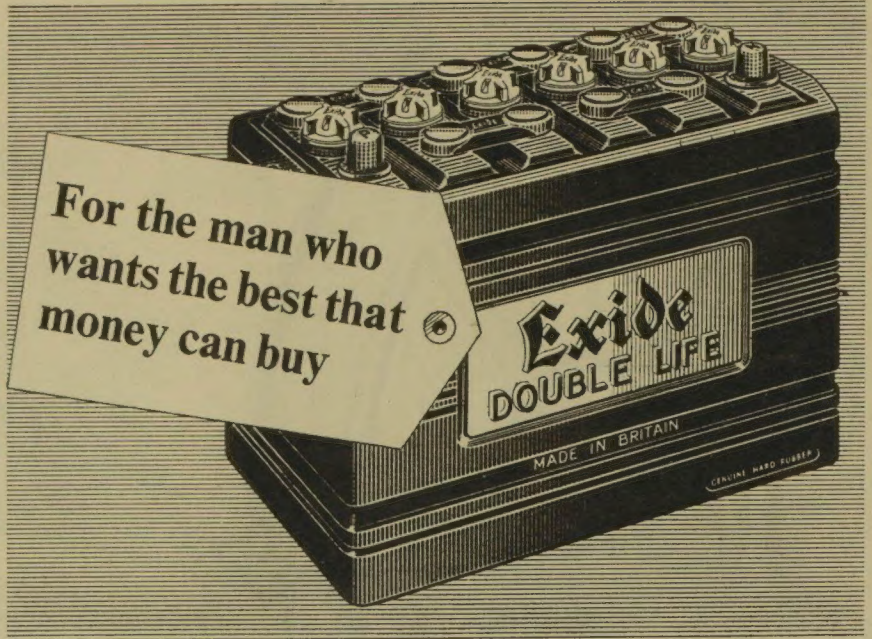
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SATURDAY, MAY 22, 1954.



Welcome Home!



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

"SUCH universal acclamations of wild and sober joy I never yet saw," wrote Buckinghamshire parson Butterfield in May 1660, nearly 300 years ago; "we had our bonfire, too, and bells ringing even at Claydon. . . . Heaven and earth seem to conspire to make a fair and fruitful spring of plenty and joy to this poor Kingdom. The fields and pastures begin to put on their best dress as if it were to entertain his Majesty in triumph and make him in love with his native soil." So it seemed to Englishmen in the seventeenth century when, after eleven years without a king, their King came home, and so it seems to us to-day when, after only a six months' absence, our Queen is restored to us. For though she has been absent in lands as dear to Englishmen as England itself, to Scotsmen as dear as Scotland, and to Welshmen as dear as Wales, in this small island are not used to being without our Sovereign. "This Government," wrote another Englishman at the time of the Restoration, "was as natural to them as their food or raiment, and naked Indians dressing themselves in French fashion were no more absurd than Englishmen without a Parliament and a King."

How curious this feeling is, yet how strong and fundamental to our English natures—if I may be forgiven this naughty word by readers north of the Tweed, who have an even stronger racial claim to our Queen than we—and how strange that it should still be so in an age as materialistic, iconoclastic and egalitarian as ours! And at no time in our long history, I suspect, has this feeling been stronger. The inventions of science—the daily newspaper, the cinema, wireless and television—have only made us more aware of the indefinable bond between us and the wearer of the Crown. She is the expression alike of our unity and our history, and the more that unity and the continuity of that history are threatened by the age in which we live, the more dependent we feel ourselves to be on the happiness of having her to reign over us. Happiness is the exact word, for there is no other that so fully expresses that mysterious satisfaction. It is a bond based, like that of the family, on love; it is why it is so much stronger than the bonds of mere party or class or calling or even of race. There are, for instance, I feel sure, many men and women of pure Jewish descent whose ancestors have been domiciled in this country for only a few generations, who feel as deep and instinctive a reverence and affection for the Queen as the longest ancestor of an Englishman among us, as the descendants, say, of Gurth the Swineherd or Thurkill the thane of Arden. And the affection is returned; that, indeed, is the essence of the relationship. The first duty and instinct of the wearer of the English crown is to love the people over whom he or she has been called by Providence to reign. "You may well have a greater prince," declared the first Elizabeth, "but you will never have a more loving one."

"Far above all earthly treasures, I esteem my people's love." There, in a nutshell, is the core of what the English monarchy means and has meant.

And it is not only an English monarchy. It is a Scottish, a Welsh, an Ulster monarchy. It is a Canadian, an Australian, a New Zealand, a South African and a Rhodesian one. And it is a monarchy that belongs now to Asiatic, and African, and Polynesian peoples who have no trace of British blood, but who have adopted it as their own through the evolution of history, and claim as proud and equal a share in our Queen's blood and majesty as our own. The Royal Tour—that wonderful and majestic pageant in space—has been the symbol of this new, bewildering and deeply-moving fact. Nothing in the whole of that great journey of love has been more impressive than the Queen's reception by the people of Ceylon, with their age-long and beautiful Asiatic ceremony and pageantry, or the simpler, but equally deeply felt and passionately expressed welcome of the great-hearted people of Tonga.

Nothing but this power of love, and the sense of service to which it gives rise—the most powerful motive-force in the world—could have sustained the Queen and her Consort on their tremendous journey. Statistics no doubt exist of the number of miles they have travelled since they left England, the number of receptions they have held, the number of hands they have shaken, the multitudinous number of men and women before whose eyes they have passed. Yet no figures could convey to one who has not been with them during every hour of their tour the sense of the human and individual ordeal which such a progress must have entailed on them. The triumphant and smiling serenity with which the Queen and the Duke have surmounted it all can only be accounted for by the sustaining power of a great and dedicated love and sense of service.

How much seems to have happened since they left us on that November evening when, sitting before our own or our neighbour's television-set, we saw them take their places in the great aircraft—great by man's puny standards, yet so minute in comparison with the vast spaces of air and ocean through and over which they were about to fly! The words of reassurance by the successful and seemingly confident men who were responsible for that flight seemed strangely uncomfortable and inadequate for any auditor cursed with the power of imagination, and the prayer enshrined in the National Anthem was never probably echoed by the millions watching and listening with more heartfelt and anxious sincerity. And

their return to us, after all their adventures and travels, transcends in our hearts all the threats and anxieties, great and small, that have troubled us since their departure: from the world-shaking portent of the hydrogen bomb to the parochial felling of the familiar trees at the western end of the royal Gardens of Kensington, the happy childhood's haunt of so many Londoners. These things vexed, and still vex us, but the Queen's return has banished them all from our minds. Our hearts, in an old phrase, are uplifted.

In the last resort, the appeal of the institution of monarchy to men's hearts is the belief that the sovereignty vested in the person of the Sovereign derives not from man, but from God. For the exercise of earthly power a king is accountable to his people. In

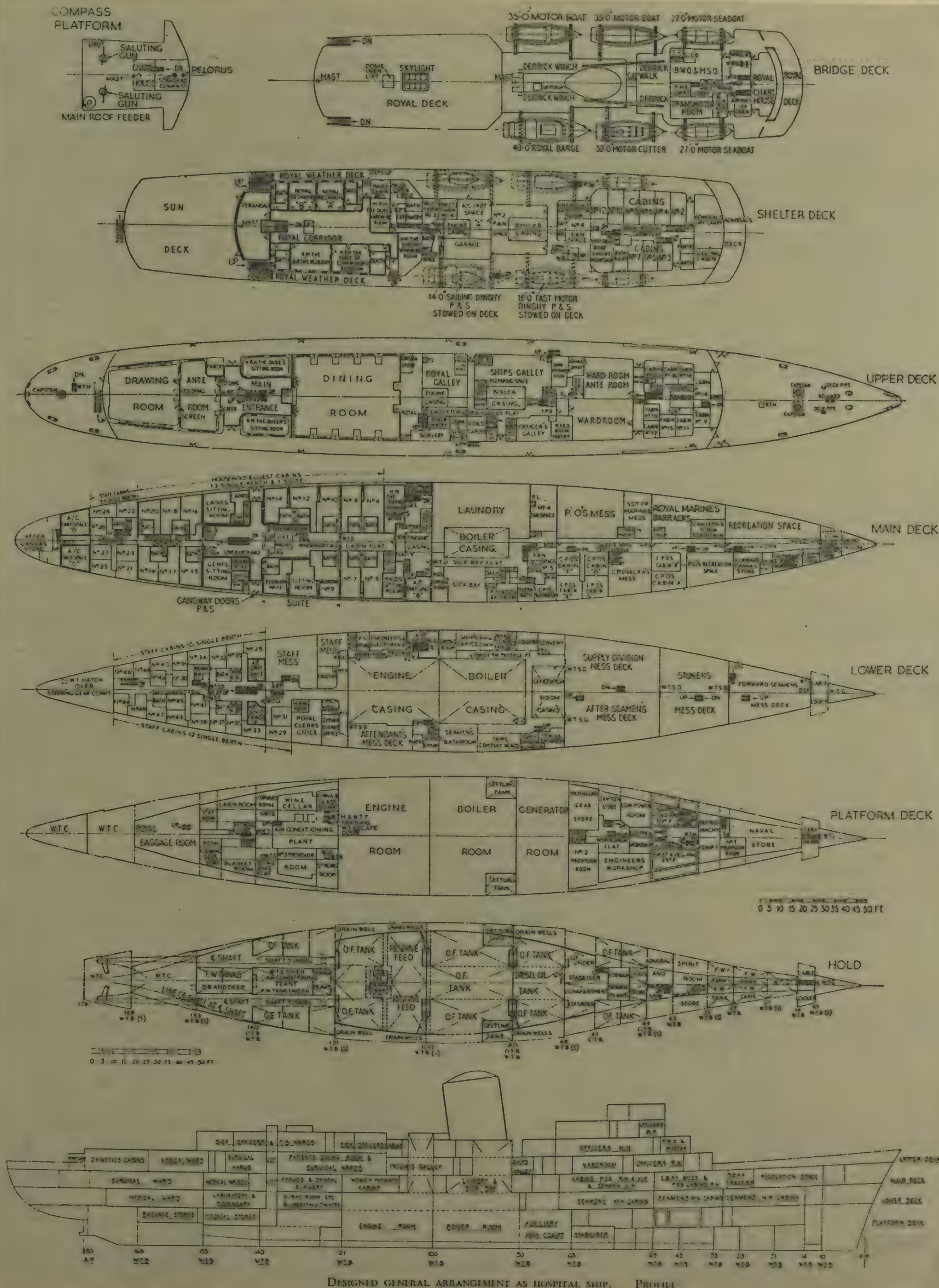
this country that power is vested, and long has been vested, in the elected representatives of the people. But the conception that all earthly authority must be based on Divine Law and moral good—on justice, truth, mercy, love—is transmitted, not through Whitehall or Parliament, but through the Crown. When we read in the newspapers of abuses of power, of the repudiation of pledges by officials and Government departments, or petty persecution and chicanery by those in authority, we do not associate such offences against our national ideals with the wearer of the Crown. We know, in Disraeli's words, that "there has always been something in this country round which all classes and parties could rally, representing the majesty of the Law, the administration of justice and involving . . . the security of every man's right and the fountain of honour." We know that, even when that power is abused by the servants of the public who act in the name of the Crown, the wearer of the Crown who has abjured the exercise of power lives by, and remains true to, the moral principles on which all power should be based. "The day when the atheistic dogma of the sovereignty of the people," wrote the Vicomte de Bonald, "replaces in politics the sacred dogma of the sovereignty of God; the day when Europe ceases to be Christian and monarchical, she will perish and the sceptre of the world will pass to other hands." The terrible truth of those prophetic words can now be clearly seen. But in this country and in the Commonwealth we hold fast to an ancient and enduring truth, and it is the Crown that embodies and preserves it.

TO OUR READERS.

THIS Special Number of THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS is issued as a record of the Nation's thanksgiving for the safe return of her Majesty the Queen from her arduous and triumphant tour of the Commonwealth.

Our readers will have followed the course of the Royal Tour from the carefully selected photographs which have appeared in this paper during the months her Majesty has been away. The incidents of the Tour which we have illustrated on 80 pages and with 300 photographs have passed into history, and there is no intention here to attempt the impossible task of giving an adequate pictorial survey of the Tour within the covers of a single issue. Instead, the object of this Special Number is to deal with incidents and stages of the Queen's return to the United Kingdom and the warm welcome extended to her Majesty and the Duke of Edinburgh by her loyal subjects along the route and in London. Some material connected with the Tour is included, but this is presented in a hitherto unpublished form.

This Number completes the record of the Royal Tour of the Commonwealth, which has been fully covered in our previous issues.



HER MAJESTY'S YACHT *BRITANNIA*: DECK PLANS; AND THE GENERAL ARRANGEMENT AS A HOSPITAL SHIP.

Elsewhere in this issue we have reproduced in colour a drawing by our Special Artist, G. H. Davis, of the internal layout of H.M. yacht *Britannia*. Above we show her deck plans, and the layout as a hospital ship. The alternative rôle of a hospital ship has been kept in mind from the earliest stages of building, and it will, therefore, be possible to make the change without there being any serious alterations. The wards, which will hold 200 patients, will be in the after-part of the ship. In addition to medical and surgical wards, provision has been made for patients

suffering from infectious and contagious diseases. There will be a tuberculosis ward in the space now occupied by the Royal bedrooms, and "fresh-air" beds for tubercular patients on the verandah. Some cabins in the Royal apartments will be converted into wards for a few female patients. There will be an operating theatre, anaesthetic rooms, an ophthalmic room, a physiotherapy room and an X-ray room on the lower deck; and a dental surgery on the main deck. As a hospital ship *Britannia* will be manned by a Merchant Navy crew.

LONDON—MAY 15

GIBRALTAR

May 10, 1954
 Disembarks from the Royal yacht at the Naval Dock.
 Receives the keys from H.E. the Governor.
 Receives local dignitaries.
 Drives to the Government House and inspects a parade of all three Services.
 Returns to the Royal Yacht.
 City Council Waterworks.
 Drives to the Government House.
 Legislative Council and the Assembly Rooms.
 Drives to the Government House.
 Ceremony in Alameda.
 Drives to Victoria School.
 Drives to Victoria School.
 Drives to Victoria School.

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THE tour of Queen Elizabeth II. will take its place in history. The Second World War subjected the Commonwealth to heavy strain, far heavier than that of the First. The aftermath of war involved uphill work, especially for the United Kingdom, wearied and impoverished by its exertions and the forced sale of investments abroad. In this struggle the fate and future of the Commonwealth were implicated, because the United Kingdom remains the keystone. The uphill work is far from being over, and not everyone has made a due contribution to the pull; but the situation has been bettered, especially in the last two years. The United Kingdom, despite the overhanging menace, closer and more deadly than that affecting any other part of the Commonwealth, is better able to assume the place which the survival of the Commonwealth demands. The Queen's tour could not have been better timed, though, in fact, the timing was largely accidental and she undertook the tour as soon as possible after her Coronation.

The ties which bind the Commonwealth are not uniform. They vary in strength. In all cases, however, the elements of sentiment and tradition hold a prominent place in them. These elements are embodied above all in the person of the Sovereign. They are powerful in themselves, but more so than ever in the present circumstances. Sentiment is warmed by the spectacle of a young, charming and gracious Queen, on whom a tragedy placed suddenly high duties and responsibilities which she had not expected to be imposed upon her so early. Tradition may well have been reinforced by the fact that she was Queen Elizabeth the Second, bearing the name of the greatest Queen in English history, remembered as

Attempting and effecting harder things
Than have been reached by the
greatest Kings.

The rôle of the Crown has altered in the three-and-a-half centuries between the end of the reign of Queen Elizabeth I. and the beginning of that of Queen Elizabeth II., but it keeps its value, and the Commonwealth has widely extended it.

The Commonwealth itself is, however, widely extended. For the Queen to place herself in close contact with the greatest possible number of its people was a formidable undertaking. The venture was well planned, and the results exceeded expectation. We all of us knew that the welcome would be warm, yet its warmth came as a surprise to us, as it must have to the Queen herself. A number of people, impossible to estimate, but certainly immense, saw her at close quarters, and everywhere wave on wave of enthusiasm, loyalty and affection flowed from the vast crowds. Thousands who probably came to look on her inspired by no more than friendly curiosity, were caught up and carried away by all this ardour. These are feelings of very high significance. Let us admit that the fire of enthusiasm lit by the Queen cannot go on burning unless it is fed. The fact remains that she has lit a great fire. The fault will be not hers, but ours, if it should be allowed to burn itself out. The cynics, iconoclasts and pessimists were rebuffed and shamed by the success of the Queen's tour.

The constitutional doctrine, still quite recent though not entirely new, that the Sovereign may be served by her Ministers in parts of the Commonwealth in the same way as by those of the United Kingdom—and that they are her Ministers, on whose advice she can act, in the same sense—was reinforced and better established. The openings of Parliaments brought home the fact that States which are completely independent in the management of their affairs, and even in their foreign policy, may share duty and loyalty to the Sovereign, may share the Sovereign herself. Some may argue that this is a precarious doctrine. Again the answer must be that it will retain its value if those to whom it applies live up to it and remain worthy of it. It can be made to work and to confer great benefits. It is an idea surrounded by sentiment, but it is far more than a piece of sentimentalism. It may provide an extra link which is just what is needed by an organisation so loosely bound together as the Commonwealth.

We must not pass over the fact that there were gaps in the tour. Her Majesty did not visit either India or Pakistan, both of which still maintain certain links with the Commonwealth but have adopted republican institutions. This we may regret, but do not reprobate. They were entitled to take their own line and their action has not left ill-feeling behind it. In Ceylon the situation is very different, though Ceylon became an independent State at about the same time from comparable origins. There the warmth of the welcome given to the Queen was as great as anywhere and matched that which she received

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. THE TOUR AND ITS ACHIEVEMENT.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

from peoples of European blood. It is also to be noted that she was greeted with friendliness and deep interest by the large Indian community, a large proportion of which works on the tea plantations. The Indians thronged the road to see her pass. The visit to Ceylon proved as great a success as any in the tour. I have not space to write of visits to small, and in some cases remote, Colonies, which have been recorded by pictures in these pages week by week. The spirit was the same everywhere.

The Queen saw a great deal of her realm and hundreds of thousands of its people of many races, though sometimes her visits were perforce hurried. The aim was that they should see as much as possible of her and she of them. This inevitably involved heavy stress—enormous crowds, an atmosphere of excitement,

what our own country and the Commonwealth in general make of them. The Crown can be a force of consolidation and revivification, but its work can be effective only if supported by the spirit of its peoples and their desire to maintain the institutions which it represents. I have before me a letter addressed to me last November from Canada which was called forth by an article in these pages on the agitation in British Guiana. The writer may have been unduly pessimistic about the future of the Commonwealth, but what he had to say was interesting. He wrote: "The only conclusion I derive from it [the article in question], and many other emanations of old-country publicists, is that all parties are resigned to the eventual liquidation of what remains of the British Empire." I certainly did not write with any such view in my mind. I am equally sure that this is not the view of the most responsible people in this country. It is notoriously not that of the present Prime Minister, for example.

The writer went on: "As far as Canada is concerned, if public opinion polls can be trusted, there no longer remains an absolute majority in favour of any connection—not even a monarchy whose head is now recognised, not as Sovereign of all, but of Canada only." Well, public opinion polls are in some respects untrustworthy because they so often invite unreflecting opinion. There is no magic in democracy or democratic verdicts if they are not guided by leadership, argument, and information which they cannot obtain by their own resources. It is just from this point of view that the writer's warning is worth listening to. And I freely admit that we may need a warning in this respect. I acknowledge also that, though all elements in the Commonwealth bear a share of the responsibility for the moral and spiritual effort needed for its preservation, the greatest share must lie with the United Kingdom. Materially, it still bears a disproportionate share of the burden of defence. I have quoted this letter and commented on it to show that, in my opinion, even the glow of enthusiasm created by the conclusion of her Majesty's tour should not blind us to the dangers which beset the ideal of the Commonwealth.

"All elements in the Commonwealth bear a share of the responsibility." In some cases leadership has been hostile to the spirit of the Commonwealth—and I am not alluding merely to the extravagances of primitive Colonies. To those which are persistently violent it is possible only to say that where the interests of law-abiding and loyal citizens—whether indigenous or settlers from our own country—are at stake they are going to be protected. The more subtle

sort of threat is more serious. It is compounded of indifference, appeal to a frigid and fruitless sort of logic based on materialism, lack of imagination, and in Asia particularly, to the "continental nationalism" for which the Second World War was largely responsible. While we should continue to do all in our power to retain what remains of the sympathy of Mr. Nehru's India, it is surely a common-sense conclusion that our major efforts should be directed to those States where that sympathy is warmer and the ideal of the Commonwealth makes a stronger appeal. Finally, I must agree with my Canadian correspondent's remark—more pungent than, but otherwise similar to, what I have recently written here—that "to surrender everything to the principle of self-determination and concede protective guarantees—all round," is "an essay in the larger lunacy."

The Queen's welcome wherever she went was based on more than popular enthusiasm. The Governments of the self-governing States contributed to her mission by doing all in their power to make it successful. All the countries and ports which she visited were eager that she should come, as, indeed, were a number of others which it was not possible for her to visit. They believed that the tour would help to cement the ties with the Mother Country, and considered that this was a desirable object. Therein, surely, is to be seen a message of hope. Indifference and apathy, if they had existed, were dispelled where the Queen passed. Some of the means likely to reinforce the good effects of her progress may be set down briefly: closer consultation; encouragement of immigration from this over-crowded country to Commonwealth lands which desire British citizens; insistence on the maintenance of trade preferences, whatever the outside pressure to relax them. At the same time, we need to speak with a bolder voice; indeed, some worthy persons speak of the Commonwealth as though they were a little ashamed of it because it was not "modern." Let us rather proclaim that it is strong and beneficent, and that it furnishes cause for pride. We can make the good done by the Queen's progress enduring if we want to.

LEADERS OF BRITANNIA'S CLOSE ESCORT.



LEADER, FROM MALTA TO GIBRALTAR, OF THE CLOSE OCEAN ESCORT FOR H.M. YACHT *Britannia* DURING THE QUEEN'S RETURN HOME: THE CRUISER H.M.S. *Glasgow*, WHICH ARRIVED AT GIBRALTAR ON MAY 10.



FLAGSHIP OF REAR-ADMIRAL J. W. CUTHBERT, FLAG OFFICER, FLOTILLAS, HOME FLEET: ONE OF THE LATEST DARING CLASS SHIPS, H.M.S. *Duchess*, WHICH WAS TO LEAD THE ESCORT FROM GIBRALTAR TO PLYMOUTH.



DETAILED TO LEAD THE CLOSE NAVAL ESCORT OF FOUR FAST PATROL BOATS FOR *Britannia*'S PASSAGE UP THE THAMES: HER MAJESTY'S FAST PATROL BOAT *Gay Bombardier*, FIRST OF THE GAY CLASS.

The ships to act as close escort for H.M. Yacht *Britannia* during the Queen's return home from her Commonwealth tour were announced by the Admiralty on April 28, and above we illustrate three of those detailed to lead the escort. H.M.S. *Glasgow* (Captain B. Bryant, R.N.), formerly Admiral Lord Mountbatten's flagship in the Mediterranean, was chosen to lead from Malta to Gibraltar, where the Home Fleet class ship H.M.S. *Duchess* (Captain D. C. Goodwin, R.N.), flagship of Rear-Admiral J. W. Cuthbert, would join company and lead the escort to a Home Fleet rendezvous off Plymouth. There *Duchess* was to be joined by her sister-ship *Decoy* (Captain R. H. Maurice, R.N.), and the two were to escort *Britannia* to the mouth of the Thames. They were to part company from *Britannia* off the Great Nore, and four fast patrol boats, led by H.M. Fast Patrol Boat *Gay Bombardier* (Lieut.-Commander E. R. Dickinson, R.N.), were to take over as close Naval escort for the passage up the Thames.

long programmes, often in great heat. All the accounts, especially the excellent despatches in *The Times*, which I chiefly read, recorded how admirable was her bearing, how remarkable her endurance. Her husband, the Duke of Edinburgh, seconded her in his own inimitable way, smiling, deeply interested, playing his part fully, but yet unobtrusively. An undertaking of this sort calls up the resources of mind and body. A Royal progress on this scale cannot be leisurely. For these reasons it cannot often be repeated. The Queen and the Duke will have an opportunity for some rest on their return home, but they will not be returning to a life of ease: very far from it.

If it be asked what the material, as opposed to the spiritual, results of the Royal tour are likely to be, the only possible reply is that they must depend on

WELCOME TO THE HOMELAND.



ANCHORED IN ENGLISH WATERS: H.M.Y. *BRITANNIA*, CARRYING THE QUEEN, THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AND THEIR CHILDREN BACK TO ENGLAND, IN ST. AUSTELL BAY, WITH THE CORNISH COAST ONLY TWO MILES AWAY. (LEFT) THE ESCORTING DESTROYER, H.M.S. *SAINTES*.



AIR GUARDIANS OF THE QUEEN DURING HER VOYAGE UP-CHANNEL: SUNDERLANDS OF R.A.F. COASTAL COMMAND SALUTING THE ROYAL YACHT *BRITANNIA* AS THEY LEFT HER AFTER TAKING PART IN THE CONTINUOUS AIR ESCORT.

LANDFALL: THE QUEEN'S RETURN TO HER HOMELAND; THE CLIFFS OF CORNWALL AND THE VOYAGE UP-CHANNEL.

From the moment of departure on May 11, when H.M.Y. *Britannia*, wearing the Union Jack at the jackstaff, the Lord High Admiral's flag at the foremast, the Royal Standard at the mainmast, the Union Flag at the mizzen and the White Ensign at the stern, sailed from Gibraltar, H.M. the Queen was under continuous escort by sea and air. The naval escort consisted of the flagship of Rear-Admiral J. W. Cuthbert, H.M.S. *Duchess* (Captain D. G. Goodwin, R.N.); the cruiser H.M.S. *Glasgow* (Captain B. Bryant, R.N.) and the destroyers H.M.S. *Saintes* (Captain D. P. Dreyer, R.N.) and H.M.S. *Barfleur* (Commander W. F. Skelton, R.N.).

As far as Cape Finisterre the air escort was provided by R.A.F. *Shackletons* based on Gibraltar, and on May 13, under a nearly full moon, this escort was taken over by an R.A.F. *Shackleton* from St. Eval, Cornwall. Thenceforward to the Nore, aircraft of Coastal Command maintained a continuous escort. On May 12, about 60 miles W.N.-W. of Lisbon, three warships of the Portuguese Navy met H.M.Y. *Britannia* and the frigate *Nuno Tristao* fired a Royal salute. At about 11 p.m., May 13, the Royal Yacht entered St. Austell Bay and dropped anchor for the Queen to spend her first night within English territorial waters since November 23 last year.



WELCOMING THE QUEEN TO HOME WATERS: SHIPS OF THE HOME FLEET, WITH H.M.S. VANGUARD IN THE FOREGROUND, ESCORTING THE ROYAL YACHT BRITANNIA AS SHE SAILS UP THE ENGLISH CHANNEL.

Shortly before 9 a.m. on May 14, the Royal Yacht *Britannia*, with the ships of the Mediterranean Fleet which had escorted her from Gibraltar, made rendezvous with ships of the Home Fleet some seven miles to the south-east of Eddystone Lighthouse. The Home Fleet ships, led by the battleship *Vanguard*, wearing the flag of Admiral

Sir Michael Denny, C-in-C. Home Fleet, were in three columns for the meeting. After *Vanguard* had fired a Royal salute she took up station immediately astern of *Britannia* and Admiral Denny passed the following message to the Queen: "It is with intense pride that we, your Majesty's Home Fleet, escort you into your United Kingdom

territorial waters. To this privilege of duty and service to the Crown enjoyed by the Home Fleet is added our unbounding loyalty and devotion to our Queen now leading us in person." Soon afterwards a reply from the Queen was signalled to *Vanguard*, saying: "I am most grateful for your message. It is a wonderful moment for my

husband and I after nearly six months away to be met and escorted by ships of the Home Fleet." Off Salcombe Estuary, Devon, the Mediterranean Fleet escort parted company and steamed past *Britannia* at 25 knots, with each ship's company giving three cheers. The Queen then made the signal "Splice the Mainbrace."



PARTING COMPANY WITH THE ROYAL YACHT AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE NEEDLES CHANNEL : H.M.S. *VANGUARD* PASSING *BRITANNIA* AT HIGH SPEED, HER ESCORT DUTIES COMPLETED.



PASSING THE ROYAL YACHT *BRITANNIA* OFF SPITHEAD : THE ROYAL NAVY'S LATEST AIRCRAFT-CARRIER, H.M.S. *CENTAUR*, WITH HER SHIP'S COMPANY GIVING THREE CHEERS.

THE ROYAL YACHT IN THE CHANNEL : H.M.S. *VANGUARD* PARTS COMPANY ; AND THE AIRCRAFT-CARRIER *CENTAUR* GIVES A WELCOME.

The climax to the Home Fleet's welcome to the Queen came just before the Royal Yacht *Britannia* entered the Needles channel on the afternoon of May 14. The Home Fleet escort formed into two columns and, increasing speed, turned inward and swept past the Royal yacht, with each ship's company giving the Queen a farewell cheer. As H.M.S. *Vanguard* passed at 18 knots, the Royal family on the

saluting-bridge waved. The Home Fleet then parted company with *Britannia*, which sailed through the Solent. Off Spithead the Royal Navy's latest aircraft-carrier, H.M.S. *Centaur*, of 18,300 tons, taking part in a steam-past of the Home Fleet's Training Squadron, passed the Royal Yacht and, with her ship's company lined up on the flight-deck, gave the Queen three rousing cheers.



PREPARING TO SALUTE THE QUEEN AS THE ROYAL YACHT *BRITANNIA* APPROACHES: THE SHIP'S COMPANY OF A MINESWEEPER MANNING SHIP IN THE THAMES ESTUARY.

At 9.30 a.m. on Saturday, May 15, the long-awaited day of the Queen's homecoming, the Royal Yacht *Britannia*, with the Royal family on board, passed the Great Nore and moved up the Yantlet Channel for the journey up the winding River Thames to the Pool of London. A few minutes before her arrival at that point the two escorting *Daring* class ships, H.M.S. *Duchess* and H.M.S. *Decoy*,

had wheeled away and the escort was taken up by four *Gay* class Fast Patrol Boats. Before reaching Southend, where the Royal Yacht was greeted by an armada of little ships, *Britannia* passed between the disciplined lines of minesweepers and survey vessels, whose officers and men manned ship to cheer the Queen as she passed by on her return home.



AT ROYAL GREENWICH: H.M.Y. BRITANNIA, BEARING THE QUEEN UP-RIVER TOWARDS WESTMINSTER

The Royal Naval College, for many years Greenwich Hospital and standing on the site of the ancient Palace of Placentia, has been a Royal scene for 500 years. It was a favourite residence of the Tudors, and later Charles II. began to rebuild it. Mary II. continued it as a hospital for disabled sailors, and the buildings, to Sir Christopher

Wren's magnificent designs, were carried out by William III., the hospital being opened in 1705. In 1869, when there were no in-pensioners of the Navy left, the buildings were assigned to the Royal Naval College, and so it has continued. It is a scene, therefore, of many memories and associations, both Royal and naval; and these

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL



AND HER HOME, PASSES THE ROYAL NAVAL COLLEGE TO THE CHEERS OF ITS OFFICERS.

associations were intensified on May 15, as the Royal yacht *Britannia*, bearing the Queen and her Consort and their children, the Duke of Cornwall and Princess Anne, steamed past, with four Fast Patrol Boats of the *Gay* class in close escort, in the last few miles of the Royal Commonwealth Tour. At this moment the sun broke

through the grey clouds, 400 naval officers, drawn up in three lines in the grounds of the Royal Naval College, gave three cheers, and were joined in it by thousands of schoolchildren, who took their time from them to give the Royal home-comers a welcome that was as touching as it was robust.

ARTIST, BRYAN DE GRINEAU.



GREETED BY AN ARMADA OF LITTLE SHIPS, INCLUDING VETERANS OF DUNKIRK: THE ROYAL YACHT *BRITANNIA*, WITH HER MAJESTY ON BOARD, AS SEEN FROM THE AIR NEAR SOUTHEND.

The Thames Estuary was alive with little ships on May 15 as the Royal yacht *Britannia* steamed past Southend on her way up-river to the Pool of London. Every ship in the Estuary was dressed overall and two lines of yachts formed a guard of honour to port and to starboard. Ahead along the length of the river stretched more flags, and "Welcome Home" banners appeared on factories, oil refineries, wharves and docks. As the Royal yacht passed Southend and into

London's river, with the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh standing on the bridge, the sun burst through the clouds, and ashore factory sirens sounded their greeting. The pier-head at Southend was packed with people, who cheered and waved as they caught the first glimpse of *Britannia* steaming up the Thames Estuary, with her escort of four fast patrol boats. As *Britannia* slowly disappeared into the distance, the grey sea was gay with little ships and a cloud of sails.



STEAMING UP LONDON'S RIVER ON THE LAST STAGES OF THE JOURNEY HOME: THE ROYAL YACHT *BRITANNIA*, WITH THE QUEEN AND HER FAMILY ON BOARD, SEEN FROM THE AIR BETWEEN GREENWICH AND TOWER BRIDGE.

Although May 15 was a grey and chilly day, the weather did not detract from the colourful pageantry of the Queen's journey up the Thames or the warmth of the welcome which marked her Majesty's progress from the Thames Estuary to Westminster Pier. Our photograph, taken from the air, shows *Britannia*

between Greenwich and Tower Bridge, escorted by four *Gay* class fast patrol boats keeping station with perfect precision. As *Britannia* approached Tower Bridge, the Queen, wearing a pink coat and blue head-scarf, filmed the scene with a ciné-camera as she stood on the saluting-bridge.

Photograph by Aerofilms, Ltd.



THE CHEERS RING OUT, AND ON TOWER WHARF THREE YEOMAN WARDERS SALUTE THEIR QUEEN

As at 1.30 p.m.—in dull and rather chilly weather on Saturday, May 15—*Britannia* glided under Tower Bridge towards her mooring point in the Pool of London and the cheers rang out and the bells of the City burst into a peal of welcome, the crowds on Tower Wharf and Tower Green and all the vantage points

around the Pool could see in the saluting-box above the bridge of *Britannia* their Queen, returning home to her capital, and with her the Duke of Edinburgh and their two children; and also beside her, her great Prime Minister, Sir Winston Churchill. On Tower Pier the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret, and the Queen could be



AS, HIGH IN THE BOX ABOVE THE ROYAL YACHT'S BRIDGE, SHE ENTERS THE POOL OF LONDON.

seen waving to them; and as soon as *Britannia* was moored, the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret went out to the Royal yacht for the Royal family reunion. Soon afterwards Sir Winston Churchill came ashore, dressed in his Trinity House uniform. The Duke of Gloucester, who with the Elder Brethren of Trinity House

had sailed in the Trinity House vessel *Patricia* from Tilbury on the Friday night to meet *Britannia* at the Nore and to precede in her the Royal Progress up the Thames, also came ashore about this time and left for Westminster in order to welcome the Queen at Westminster Pier, when she set foot on English soil again.



HOME TO THE HEART OF LONDON RIVER : THE ROYAL YACHT GLIDES THROUGH TOWER BRIDGE TO REST IN THE POOL OF LONDON.

The Pool of London—lying between Tower Bridge and London Bridge, with the Tower and the Custom House on its north bank and the great array of wharves on its south—signifies London the great port and London the historic city. For the Queen's homecoming it was decked with flags and crowded with loyal subjects; Tower Bridge carried high the message "Welcome Home" in huge letters; all

the sirens of all the ships sounded out a welcome; the tall cranes on the southern wharves bowed in homage one after the other and the cheers rang out from the great crowd gathered to welcome home their Queen—as *Britannia* glided between the lifted bascules of the famous bridge and berthed at Battle Bridge Tier; and the Lord Mayor went out to meet her, rowed by the boys of *Arethusa*.



THE END OF THE VOYAGE: HER MAJESTY LEAVING *BRITANNIA* TO GO ABOARD THE ROYAL BARGE AT BATTLE BRIDGE TIER.

Our photograph, taken at Battle Bridge Tier, in the Pool of London, shows the end of the Queen's voyage in *Britannia*. Her Majesty (right) can be seen leaving the Royal yacht; she is preceded down the gangway by the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret. At the foot of the gangway leading to the Royal barge is the Duke of Edinburgh, with the Duke of Cornwall and Princess Anne. Earlier, the Queen

Mother and Princess Margaret had gone aboard *Britannia*, where they were reunited with the Queen and her family, and had luncheon with them. It was just after 3 p.m. when the Royal family went aboard the Royal barge for the last stage of their journey to Westminster, which was watched by thousands of cheering people, many of whom had waited on the Embankment for hours.



HER MAJESTY'S JOURNEY UP THE THAMES: THE ROYAL BARGE, WITH THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE

London's river Thames has seen many notable and historic occasions, Royal progresses and pageants, but never has it known a greater day than Saturday, May 15, when Queen Elizabeth II. and the Duke of Edinburgh came upstream to Westminster Pier on the last stage of their return home to the capital after their

Tour of the Commonwealth, which began on November 23, 1953. After *Brillannia* had moored at Battle Bridge Tier, above Tower Bridge, and the Royal family reunion with the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret had taken place, the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh, with their children, the Duke of Cornwall and Princess Anne,



ON BOARD, PASSING H.M.S. CHRYSANTHEMUM (L) AND H.M.S. PRESIDENT (R) DRESSED OVERALL.

and the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret, embarked in the Royal barge and proceeded up the river to Westminster Pier. The procession was headed by the Port of London Authority's vessel *Nore*; the escort consisted of four fast motor patrol boats, whose silver-grey hulls and superstructures looked almost

pale-blue against the grey of the Thames water and beneath the dull, cloudy sky; and the *Gothic* barge followed the Royal barge. Our photograph shows the procession passing the ships *President* (right) and *Chrysanthemum*, dressed overall, with beflagged buildings in the background and the dome of St. Paul's above them.



THE QUEEN LANDS: THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER IS SALUTING HER MAJESTY AS SHE DISEMBARKS FROM THE ROYAL BARGE, FOLLOWED BY HER SON AND HUSBAND.



AT WESTMINSTER PIER: PRINCESS MARGARET, THE PRINCESS ROYAL (BEHIND), THE QUEEN MOTHER, WITH THE ROYAL CHILDREN, AND THE DUCHESSES OF GLOUCESTER AND KENT (L. TO R.).



IN CONVERSATION WITH THE OFFICER WHO COMMANDED THE GUARD OF HONOUR OF THE GRENADIER GUARDS: THE QUEEN WITH THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AT WESTMINSTER PIER.



DURING THE OFFICIAL GREETINGS: THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, WITH (LEFT) THE DUKE OF CORNWALL AND PRINCESS ANNE.

ROYAL CONVERSATION PIECES—CEREMONIAL AND DELIGHTFULLY INFORMAL: AT WESTMINSTER PIER.

The presence of the Royal children, the Duke of Cornwall, Heir-Apparent, and Princess Anne; and the part they played in the joyful events of May 15, when the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh returned after their absence of close on six months, added a touch of informality to the programme carried out on that happy day. The Duke of Cornwall and his fair, curly-headed sister took a very lively interest in everything which went on, and watched with close attention

the ceremonial greeting which her Majesty received at Westminster Pier. The guard of honour which her Majesty inspected before entering the carriage for her processional drive to the Palace was formed by a detachment of men of the 3rd Battalion The Grenadier Guards, who missed the Coronation as they have been on foreign service. The Queen's uncle, the Duke of Gloucester, Master of Trinity House, greeted her as she stepped ashore from the Royal barge.



THE "HOME-COMING" SHIP: A VIEW OF THE NEW ROYAL YACHT BRITANNIA.

THE arrangements for the maiden voyage of the Royal yacht *Britannia* (whose internal layout is diagrammatically illustrated and explained on other pages) were of exceptional interest. She was due to sail from Portsmouth on April 14, with, aboard her, the Duke of Cornwall, Heir-Apparent to the Throne, and his sister, Princess Anne, so that they might meet her Majesty and the Duke of Edinburgh at Tobruk on May 1, and travel with them during the final stage of the Commonwealth tour. A playroom has been built for the Royal children on the top deck of *Britannia*. She carries a small helicopter; and helicopter trials were carried out on board her in February before she went into Portsmouth Dockyard for the completion of the Royal apartments, whose decoration has been designed by Sir Hugh Casson, with severe simplicity in high-quality materials.



THE QUEEN, GRACEFUL IN INFORMAL DRESS FOR AN UNOFFICIAL OCCASION IN AUSTRALIA: HER MAJESTY WITH THE DUKE DURING A RESTFUL WEEK-END.

Australia will cherish its memories of the historic visit of Queen Elizabeth II. and the Duke of Edinburgh, and the Royal pair will surely retain the happiest recollections of the tremendous expressions of love and loyalty which greeted them on the many State and official occasions of the great programme. They will also recall with pleasure such occasions as the restful week-end which they passed from March 6-8 at the Lake O'Shannassy Chalet, Warburton. The Chalet is a timber-framed lodge maintained by the Board of Works and lies in a wooded valley. The grounds were ablaze with flowers during the Royal visit; there were trout in the weir, and the surrounding bush contained kookaburras, lyrebirds and wombats, all examples of Australia's fauna.



THE QUEEN, STATELY IN FULL DRESS FOR AN OFFICIAL OCCASION IN AUSTRALIA:
HER MAJESTY WITH THE DUKE AFTER OPENING PARLIAMENT IN HOBART.

The youth and beauty of the Queen and her Royal grace, charm and friendliness made an unforgettable impression on her peoples of the vast continent of Australia. Her Majesty and the Duke of Edinburgh visited the island of Tasmania (first settled by the British in 1803, and granted responsible Government in 1856) from February 20-24; and our photograph shows the Royal pair leaving Parliament House, Hobart, after the Queen had opened the fifth session of the 30th Parliament of Tasmania. Her Majesty is wearing a graceful white dress of thin corded silk, with a waterfall effect on one side, and the ribbon and star of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, of which she is Sovereign. Her jewels are a diamond tiara and necklace, and she has a fur stole over her shoulders. The Duke of Edinburgh is in the uniform of Admiral of the Fleet.



ON April 14, a year after she was launched by H.M. the Queen from the Clydebank shipyard of John Brown and Co., the Royal yacht *Britannia* was scheduled to sail on her maiden voyage from Portsmouth to Tobruk, in Libya, via Malta. The Duke of Cornwall and Princess Anne arranged to be on board so that they could be with their parents on the final stages of the Royal tour. *Britannia*, which was built to replace the fifty-year-old *Victoria and Albert*, has a load displacement of 4000 tons; her overall length is 413 ft., her beam 55 ft. and her cruising speed is 21 knots. When her Majesty is on board the Royal Standard will be flown at the Main, the flag of the Lord High Admiral at the Fore, and the Union Flag at the Mizzen. Arrangements have been made that, in time of war, the yacht can be easily converted into a hospital ship. In 1962 a first-rater of 1703 tons was built at Chatham and named *Britannia*. Since then

(Continued opposite)

BRIDGE, SHELTER AND UPPER DECKS.

1. Ensign Staff.
2. Anchor Light.
3. Quarterdeck.
4. Drawing-room.
5. Ante-room.
6. Sun Deck.
7. Mizzen Mast.
8. Verandah.
9. Royal Corridor.
10. Lift Shaft.
- 11 and 12. Royal Guests' Bed-rooms and Bathrooms.
- 13 and 14. Maid's Rooms.
- 15 and 15A. Wardrobe Room.

16. Pantry, etc.
17. Queen's Bathroom.
18. Queen's Bed Room.
19. Duke of Edinburgh's Bed Room.
20. Duke of Edinburgh's Bathroom.
21. Queen's Sitting-Room.
22. Dining Room.
23. Servery and Scullery.
24. Valet's Bed Room.
25. Mainmast.
26. 35-ft. Motor-boat (port).
27. Dinghy (stowed on deck).
28. Cabin.
29. Royal Barge (starboard).
30. Dinghy (starboard).

31. 12-ft. Motor Cutter (starboard).
32. Motor Dinghy (starboard).
33. Fan Casing.
34. 35-ft. Motor-boat (port).
35. Motor Dinghy (port).
36. 27-ft. Motor Sea Boat (starboard).
37. 22-ft. Motor Sea Boat (port).
38. Whip Aerials.
39. Foremast.
40. Radar Scanner.
41. Compass Platform.
42. Wing Bridges.
43. Officers' Sea Quarters.

KEY TO H.M. YACHT BRITANNIA.

44. Position of Officers' Gallery.
45. Position of Ward Room.
46. Position of Officers' Cabins.
47. Position of Royal Chart House.
48. Accommodation Ladder (stowed).
49. Anchor Cables and Capstans.
50. Jerrycan.

51. Staff Cabin.
52. Royal Household Cabins.
53. Lady Guest's Cabin.
54. Gentlemen of the Royal Household Smoking Room.
55. Clockroom.
56. Lower Entrance.
57. Suite consisting of Sitting-Room and two Bedrooms.
58. Cabin.
59. Maid's Sitting-Room.
60. Air-conditioning Plant.
61. Medical Officers' Consulting Room.
62. Sick Bay and Operating Theatre.
63. Bathrooms.
64. Laundry.
65. C.P.O.'s Cabin.
66. P.O.'s Recreation Space.

67. Store.
68. Shipwright's Workshop.
- 69 and 69A. Staff Cabins.
70. Royal Clerk's Office.
71. Clerk's Office.
72. Main Turbine Engine Room.
73. Boiler Rooms.
74. Showers.
75. Seamen's Mess.
- 75A. Stokers' Mess.
76. Recreation Space.

77. Baggage Room.
78. Linen Stores.
79. Blanket Stores.
80. Wine Stores.
81. China Stores.
82. Auxiliary Machine Room.
83. Stabiliser Compartment and Starboard Stabiliser (Inboard).
84. Engineers' Workshop.
85. Cold Rooms.
86. Store Rooms.
87. Starboard Propeller.
88. Fuel Tanks, etc.
89. Starboard Bilge Keel.
90. Waterline.

(Continued) there have been five other ships of the Royal Navy bearing that illustrious name, the last being a battleship of 16,350 tons, sunk by submarine off Cape Trafalgar two days before World War I. came to an end. *Britannia* was also the name of King George V's famous racing yacht. Until the present Royal yacht was commissioned last year the ship's book-name of the Royal Naval College, Dartmouth, was *Britannia*. Men dressed as seamen serving aboard the new Royal yacht are wearing special uniforms which follow the style of the present-day in that the serge jumper is worn inside the trousers instead of outside. The nucleus of the lower deck complement of the yacht will ultimately be provided by the Royal Yacht Service, which has been revived. When the yacht is required for prolonged ocean cruises, additional men will be drafted to her as necessary.

HER MAJESTY'S YACHT BRITANNIA: A DIAGRAMMATIC DRAWING SHOWING THE INTERNAL LAY-OUT OF THE NEW YACHT, WHICH CAN BE CONVERTED TO A HOSPITAL SHIP IN TIME OF WAR.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, S.M.A., WITH THE ASSISTANCE OF THE ADMIRALTY.



THE QUEEN'S DAUGHTER: H.R.H. PRINCESS ANNE.

The last stage of the historic Tour of the Commonwealth by her Majesty and the Duke of Edinburgh was planned as a Royal domestic reunion, for arrangements were made for H.R.H. the Duke of Cornwall, Heir Apparent to the Throne, and his sister,

H.R.H. Princess Anne, to leave Portsmouth in the *Britannia* on April 15 and sail in her during her maiden voyage to meet the Queen and the Duke at Tobruk; and remain with them during the last stage of the tour. Princess Anne was born on August 15, 1950.

Photograph by Marcus Adams.



THE QUEEN'S SON: H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CORNWALL.

The long separation of the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh from their children during the historic Tour of the Commonwealth was due to end on May 1, for arrangements were made for the Heir Apparent, H.R.H. the Duke of Cornwall, and his sister, H.R.H. Princess Anne,

to embark in the Royal yacht *Britannia* on her maiden voyage, rejoin her Majesty and the Duke at Tobruk on May 1, and sail with them on the final stage of the tour. The Duke of Cornwall was born on November 14, 1948; and is thus five-and-a-half years of age

Colour photograph by Marcus Adams.



THE LAST PORT OF CALL ON THE ROYAL COMMONWEALTH TOUR: GIBRALTAR.

This view of the British Crown colony of Gibraltar is well known to all who have made a voyage through the Mediterranean, and shows the outline of "The Rock," as seen from the deck of a passing vessel. Gibraltar, settled by the Moors in 711, was named after their chief, Djebel Tarik, "The Mountain of Tarik." In 1462 it was taken by the Spaniards, from Granada; and on August 3, 1704, Admiral Sir George Rooke captured it, and in 1713, by the Treaty of Utrecht, it was ceded to Great Britain.

On her Majesty's arrival at her famous fortress, which commands the entrance to the Mediterranean (due on May 10), it was arranged that the Keys should be handed to her by the Governor-General, Sir Gordon Macmillan. The Royal tour of the Rock was scheduled to include visits to the fortifications and upper rock installations as well as inspection of the Rock Apes, and the Queen also arranged to plant trees in the Alameda Gardens in commemoration of her visit. [Colour photograph by J. Allan Cash.]



GREETING THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY: HER MAJESTY IN CONVERSATION WITH THE PRIMATE OF ALL ENGLAND AFTER LANDING AT WESTMINSTER PIER; AND EXCHANGING GREETINGS WITH MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL FAMILY. (Courtesy of British Newsreels.)



THE QUEEN AND HER PRIME MINISTER: HER MAJESTY WITH SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL, WHO LEFT THE ROYAL YACHT AT TOWER BRIDGE AND REACHED WESTMINSTER PIER FOR THE DISEMBARKATION. (Courtesy of British Newsreels.)



GREETED BY LEADERS OF CHURCH, STATE AND COMMONWEALTH: H.M. THE QUEEN AND MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL FAMILY, AFTER DISEMBARKING AT WESTMINSTER PIER, BEING WELCOMED BY (L. TO R., FACING CAMERA) THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON; MR. OLIVER LYTTETTON; LORD SWINTON; SIR DAVID MAXWELL FYFE; MR. R. M. CAMPBELL (REPRESENTING THE HIGH COMMISSIONER FOR NEW ZEALAND); SIR CLAUDE COREA (HIGH COMMISSIONER FOR CEYLON); SIR THOMAS WHITE (HIGH COMMISSIONER FOR AUSTRALIA); SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL (SHAKING HANDS WITH THE DUKE OF CORNWALL), AND THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

THE QUEEN DISEMBARKS IN HER CAPITAL: GREETINGS AND EPISODES AT WESTMINSTER PIER.

The return of Queen Elizabeth II. and the Duke of Edinburgh to the capital on May 15 was not only the historic finale of a unique Royal journey, a day of general rejoicing and State pageantry: it was also a family occasion in which the whole country felt it might, in a measure, join, for all shared in the joy which the Royal family must have experienced at the Queen's return after her absence of nearly six months. Her nearest relatives, the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret, came aboard *Britannia* when the Royal yacht

berthed at Battle Bridge Tier. Sir Winston Churchill, who had left the Royal yacht at Tower Bridge, reached Westminster Pier in time to welcome her Majesty. After her uncle, the Duke of Gloucester, and her aunts, the Duchesses of Gloucester and Kent, and the Princess Royal had greeted her, the Queen held conversations with the Archbishop of Canterbury, Sir Winston and other officials; inspected the guard of honour, and, when the hood of her State landau had been lowered, drove to the Palace.



ACKNOWLEDGING THE JOYOUS ACCLAMATIONS OF LONDON'S CITIZENS: THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH ABOUT TO PASS UNDER ADMIRALTY ARCH DURING THE PROCESSIONAL DRIVE TO THE PALACE.

This photograph of the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh during their processional drive from Westminster to Buckingham Palace shows the State landau, which was drawn by six greys, about to turn out of Whitehall to pass under the Admiralty Arch into the Mall. Her Majesty, with her characteristically graceful

gesture and brilliant smile, is acknowledging the acclamations and cheers and—a delightful touch, this—her little son, the Duke of Cornwall, Heir-Apparent to the Throne, is imitating her gesture as he turns his face towards the crowds, while all that can be seen of Princess Anne is a tiny hand also raised in greeting.



THE FIRST SIGHT OF HOME AFTER AN ABSENCE OF NEARLY SIX MONTHS: HER MAJESTY'S STATE LANDAU PASSING UNDER ADMIRALTY ARCH INTO THE MALL ON MAY 15.

As the gold-and-maroon State landau, drawn by six Windsor greys, passed under Admiralty Arch into the broad expanse of the Mall, the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh had their first sight of home after an absence of nearly six months. Sitting opposite her Majesty and the Duke were their two children, who seemed

completely composed and unperturbed by the scenes of enthusiasm and thunderous cheers which greeted the Royal progress. The day was grey and overcast, but it served to emphasize by contrast the radiance of the occasion and the warmth and gaiety of London's welcome.



THE PALACE LOOKS DOWN UPON THE SPLENDID HOMECOMING OF ITS ROYAL MISTRESS: A

For the Queen's drive from Westminster Pier to Buckingham Palace, great crowds gathered all along the route; and the Mall in especial presented a brilliant spectacle of peculiarly London quality. For the occasion the Mall was decorated with tall yellow poles crowned with Royal emblems and carrying

flags and pictures of the Commonwealth. The rosy surface of the roadway was enhanced by the brilliant young green of the trees and the flower-beds were glowing with spring flowers. Our picture shows the last stage of the triumphal drive. The Queen, the Duke of Edinburgh, the Duke of Cornwall

PHOTOGRAPH FROM THE ROOF OF BUCKINGHAM PALACE OF THE APPROACHING PROCESSION.

and Princess Anne are riding in the State landau, drawn by six Windsor greys, which is just beginning to turn from the mass of the Victoria Memorial into the gate leading to the forecourt of Buckingham Palace, accompanied by the Sovereign's Escort of Household Cavalry. A few minutes later and the

Queen was alighting within her own home after a six-months absence; and the great crowds which can be seen in the foreground and far into the distance down the length of the Mall, had surged forward to the railings of the Palace and were calling for the Queen to appear on the balcony.



THE HEART-WARMING CLIMAX TO A GLORIOUS HOMECOMING: THE QUEEN'S HAPPY SMILE

AS SHE STEPPED FROM THE STATE LANDAU INTO HER OWN HOME WITH HER FAMILY.



A PICTURE TO REMEMBER: THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH ENTERING THE GATES OF BUCKINGHAM PALACE AT THE END OF THEIR SIX-MONTHS COMMONWEALTH TOUR.

As the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh, with their two children, the Duke of Cornwall and Princess Anne, drive through the gates of Buckingham Palace on the afternoon of May 15, after an absence of nearly six months, they are given a great welcome from the many people lining the route. On the roof the Royal Standard is broken, signifying that the Sovereign is in residence again. Among the watchers

from a window on the left are Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret. In the State landau the Duke of Cornwall waves and, with his sister, looks towards the Palace, while the Queen and the Duke acknowledge the cheers of the crowd. In the forecourt can be seen the leading divisions of the Sovereign's Escort of the Household Cavalry which had led the procession from Westminster Pier.



ACKNOWLEDGING THE TUMULTUOUS CHEERS OF THE GREAT CROWDS WHICH GATHERED OUTSIDE BUCKINGHAM PALACE.
(ABOVE) THE FIRST APPEARANCE ON THE BALCONY; AND (BELOW) THE SECOND, NEARLY AN HOUR LATER.

Immediately the Queen had driven into Buckingham Palace, a great crowd, estimated at 40,000, rushed towards the railings and began calling "We want the Queen!" Within twenty minutes the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh, with the two children still in the coats in which they had taken part in the procession, and accompanied by the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret,

came out on to the balcony and waved in acknowledgment of the cheers. About fifty minutes later, at five o'clock, the crowds still calling for the Queen, the Royal family came out again, the Royal children being now without their coats and the Duke of Edinburgh divested of the Star and Ribbon of the Garter. Later appearances on the balcony are reported elsewhere.



WITH ALL EYES LOOKING TOWARDS BUCKINGHAM PALACE: THE SCENE DURING ONE OF HER MAJESTY'S APPEARANCES ON THE BALCONY.



OUTSIDE BUCKINGHAM PALACE AS LONDON ROARED ITS WELCOME TO THE QUEEN: A SOLID MASS OF CHEERING PEOPLE STRETCHING AS FAR AS EYE CAN SEE.

LONDON'S GREAT WELCOME HOME TO HER MAJESTY: SCENES OF ENTHUSIASM OUTSIDE BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

Scenes of enthusiasm recalling those which attended her Majesty's Coronation less than a year ago marked the Queen's return to London on May 15, at the end of her triumphant Commonwealth tour. As usual, Buckingham Palace drew the largest crowds, and here many thousands of people gathered to cheer

the Queen's appearances on the balcony, and to try to convey to her with their heartfelt acclamations something of their immense pleasure at her safe return, and their gratitude and admiration of the way in which she carried out her many engagements during her long and arduous travels.



AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE AFTER DARK ON THE NIGHT OF THE QUEEN'S HOMECOMING: HER MAJESTY AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH ON THE BALCONY; AND THE HUGE CROWD WHICH STRETCHED DOWN THE ILLUMINATED MALL.

Darkness drew yet larger crowds to Buckingham Palace on May 15, the night of the Queen's homecoming. As dusk fell the Palace was floodlit and the illuminated Mall resembled a scene from a fairy-story, with the golden lions and unicorns on top of the tall poles looking like pieces on a giant chess-board. The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh appeared twice on the balcony after dark

in response to the cheering crowds. At 9.20 the biggest crowd of the day, stretching down the Mall as far as Admiralty Arch, filled the night with their acclamations. At 10.45 the Royal couple made their fourth and last appearance and waved to a crowd which still vied both in size and enthusiasm with those which gathered outside the Palace at the time of the Coronation.



THE QUEEN'S SITTING-ROOM: THE FURNITURE IN WHITE ASH, THE KNEE-HOLE TABLE WITH A GREEN LEATHER TOP TO MATCH THE GREEN CARPET, AND A FINE CIRCULAR MIRROR.



THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S SITTING-ROOM: CONTAINING A MODEL OF H.M.S. MAGPIE; WALLS IN LIGHT TEAK, A GREY CARPET AND NAVY-AND-WHITE LINEN CURTAINS.

FIRST PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE INTERIOR OF BRITANNIA: APARTMENTS IN THE ROYAL YACHT,

It is difficult to believe that the Royal apartments, some photographs of which we reproduce above, so comfortably furnished and having large "windows," are indeed rooms on board a ship. In the Queen's sitting-room, where her Majesty dealt with State papers during the voyage home, there is a long, bow-fronted

desk, complete with angle-lamp and a telephone enabling her to communicate easily with other parts of the ship. The ante-room, which could be converted into a surgical ward should *Britannia* ever be used as a hospital ship, is separated from the drawing-room by mahogany folding doors which can be thrown back



THE ANTE-ROOM LEADING TO THE DRAWING-ROOM: THE CHAIRS ARE COVERED IN GAILY-PATTERNED CHINTZ, AND THE CURTAINS ARE LIME-GREEN.



THE DRAWING-ROOM: EGGSHELL-BLUE WALLS TONE WITH THE LIME-GREEN CURTAINS. A SATINWOOD DESK AND SATINWOOD CHAIRS ARE FROM VICTORIA AND ALBERT.

SHOWING THE FURNISHINGS IN WHICH THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE HAVE TAKEN SUCH INTEREST.

completely, to form one large saloon. The two rooms are decorated in a blue-green scheme, with eggshell-blue walls and lime-green curtains, and contain modern and old furniture which combine harmoniously. Over the marble chimney-piece hangs Norman Wilkinson's painting of the launching of *Britannia*;

and the room contains a "baby" grand piano and a radiogram cabinet. The Duke of Edinburgh's sitting-room is panelled in light teak, and contains a model of the frigate *Magpie*, a ship formerly commanded by him. The pictures in the Royal sitting-rooms include a set of four etchings by Alan Lindford.



SHOWING THE LONG TABLE AT WHICH THIRTY-TWO CAN DINE, AND THE SHIELD-BACK CHAIRS: THE ROYAL DINING-ROOM IN *BRITANNIA*, WHICH IS ALSO USED AS A CINEMA.



FURNISHED WITH WICKER CHAIRS WITH RED AND BLUE CUSHIONS: THE SUN ROOM, WITH (LEFT) A CUPBOARD BEARING ON THE DOOR PLANS OF ROYAL YACHTS.



SHOWING (RIGHT) THE DESK AT WHICH THE DUKE OF CORNWALL SAT WHEN DOING HIS LESSONS: ONE OF THE ROOMS IN THE ROYAL SUITE IN *BRITANNIA*, USED AS A SCHOOLROOM.

THE QUEEN'S HOME DURING THE FINAL PART OF THE TOUR: ROOMS IN THE ROYAL SUITE OF HER MAJESTY'S YACHT *BRITANNIA*.

The Royal Yacht *Britannia*, which made its maiden voyage with the Duke of Cornwall and Princess Anne on board, in order to meet the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh at Tobruk, and bring the Royal family to Malta and Gibraltar, and then home, was moored in the Pool of London, when the Royal travellers left her on May 15. Before disembarking from *Britannia* the Queen held an Investiture, at which several members of her staff received awards; and Vice-Admiral E. M. C. Abel Smith, Flag Officer, Royal Yachts, was invested K.C.V.O.

The Royal Yacht is comfortably but simply furnished and contains some pieces from the former Royal Yacht, *Victoria and Albert*. The sun room, which overlooks the sports deck, contains a radiogram, and the doors of the cupboard housing the records, and those of the cocktail cabinet, bear drawings and plans of *Britannia* and of previous Royal yachts, including *Victoria and Albert*, *Royal Sovereign*, *Royal Caroline* and *Charlot*. The dining-room can be used as a cinema, the projectors being housed in the adjoining galley.

READING PRE-HISTORY'S UNWRITTEN PAGES.

"ARCHAEOLOGY FROM THE EARTH"; By SIR MORTIMER WHEELER.

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

"ARCHAEOLOGY FROM THE EARTH"—in other words, Digging, and the Knowledge of the Past derived from it. Sir Mortimer Wheeler has had a wide experience of work in the field, from Roman Verulamium, which he traced and excavated, to sites in Southern India and the Valley of the Indus. Administratively and academically he has served as Director of the National Museum of Wales, Keeper of the London Museum, Director of the Institute of Archaeology in London, and Director-General of Archaeology in India. As one who was in command of troops in both wars, he learnt something about the handling of men—a department in which not all excavators have excelled. On paper, therefore, he is admirably qualified to produce a text-book on practical digging. As he has the additional qualities of sense, humour, enthusiasm and perpetual awareness that what diggers should be hunting for are not mere objects, but the people, the human history, behind the objects, no man more perfectly adapted to the task could be conceived.

Let it not be supposed that his book—founded though it may be on a series of lectures to students—is a mere technical manual. I speak here as a mere layman. I have had glimpses of one or two digs, but I have never taken an active part in one, and am unlikely to do so—unless somebody suddenly discovers how to make real Mr. Shaw's dream of extending our years to the equivalent of Methusaleh's, in which event I should be eager to take a holiday of a few trivial decades amongst the archaeologists, for the sake of the experience. But I cannot conceive that Sir Mortimer has left anything important out of his instructions, either as regards equipment, as regards aims, or as regards day-to-day procedure. He gives complete outlines of the sort of staffs which are required for various sorts of expeditions, and the duties to be allocated to each member. He lists the tools and apparatus—from pickaxes, shovels and sledge-hammers, down to drawing-pins, pay-envelopes and string, needed by directors and labourers. He is very elaborate about the attributes and working of pottery sheds—which, as soon as we get behind historic times, are of supreme importance; he has pages of information about "the field-laboratory," with its installations of chemicals and containers, brushes and waxes and batteries; he is elaborate about the details of photography, its implements and appropriate methods; and he even has a long chapter on "Publication and Publicity." Any novice (with sufficient finance, of course), setting out for a dig anywhere from Surrey to Turkestan (I must add that the idea of a novice, without preliminary training, opening even the smallest barrow, would shake Sir Mortimer to the core) would, if provided with this vade-mecum, avoid many mistakes. And it may be added that many famous archaeologists of the past would have done greater work, and left less ruin of records behind them, had they had this work for guide. Not merely, I may add, with respect to apparatus—photographs could hardly be taken before cameras were invented—as Sir Mortimer says: "It is unprofitable to blame Xerxes for omitting to employ torpedo-boats at Salamis, or Napoleon for attacking the British squares with cavalry instead of machine-guns." But it would have

made them pause about their means of attack, because it would have instructed them as to the millenia of history which they might recover if they proceeded properly, and the devastation which they might cause to the vestiges of the past if they did not.

All that comes into Sir Mortimer's book, and more. A reader with no intention whatever of even picking up a flint on the Downs, and wondering whether or not it had been chipped as an arrow-head or serrated for corn-cutting, might well get excited over the chapters in which he unfolds the story of digging, the extension of diggers' imaginative fields, and the development of modern technique in the search of our remoter past. The early archaeologists, digging in Greece or Italy, were mainly looking for treasure-trove: statues and busts and columns, coins and wall-paintings: when they found them they disastrously imitated them, thus leading to a reaction which has persisted into our anchorless day. Of what is now called "pre-history" they were not aware. "Pre-history" is a rather vague term. Pre-history in China or Egypt is one thing; pre-history in North America, where it dates back from Columbus's achievement in 1492, is another: what the term really involves is the absence of written records. The main object of modern diggers is to extend the frontiers of history,

Sir Mortimer pays handsome and frequent tribute. He was a Crimean veteran who inherited an estate in Wiltshire and Dorset, which included much downland and many barrows, and, in a thorough and soldierly way, instituted what Sir Mortimer calls "a scientific

discipline" into digging, superseding the haphazard burrowings and trenchings of the old archdeacons, who destroyed more evidence than they found. The General, "greatest of all archaeological excavators," had one lonely predecessor, to whom Sir Mortimer pays tribute: that extraordinary person Thomas Jefferson, who was probably (Benjamin Franklin not being forgotten) the most versatile man ever born in America. He drew up (it is believed)

and signed the Declaration of Independence; he introduced the decimal system (another declaration of independence) into the United States; he attacked the slave-trade; he became President. But, "on the side," he was an amateur architect who designed the charming long quadrangle of the University of Virginia at Charlottesville (which housed Edgar Allan Poe, and the grace of which I have never forgotten after thirty-three years); and he was, according to Sir Mortimer, the unconscious prophet of modern digging technique. He opened Indian mounds: "He describes the situation of the mound in relation to natural features and evidences of human occupation. He detects components of geological interest in its materials and traces their sources. He indicates the stratigraphical stages in the construction of

the mound. He records certain significant features of the skeletal remains. And he relates his evidence objectively to current theories." He, with his curious, searching mind, would have been delighted with this book. I think it should have become a "set book" for "arts students" in his University of Virginia.

For that matter, in English schools and universities also—but perhaps I shouldn't have used the term "set book," which suggests examinations, which are the dread of healthy youth. Children are eager to learn, so long as they are not forced to learn; and there is no reason to suppose that, if the entrance is opened to them, many boys and girls would not become just as interested in our buried past as they are, in ever-greater numbers, becoming interested in the birds, flowers and mammals of our countryside.

One flaw only I found in this entrancing, instructive and thoroughly illustrated book. Sir Mortimer rightly inveighs against the noun "antiquarian," which is used instead of "antiquary." But he himself uses the word "Britisher" instead of "Briton." Why not "Irisher," "Scottisher" or—if I may be forgiven the term—"Welsher"?

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 880 of this issue.



SIR MORTIMER WHEELER, THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE.

Sir Mortimer Wheeler, who is well known to our readers as a contributor to these pages, was born in 1890. He was appointed Professor of the Archaeology of the Roman Provinces, University of London, in 1948. Apart from his wide administrative and academic qualifications, he has had a wide experience of work in the field "from Roman Verulamium, which he traced and excavated, to sites in Southern India and the Valley of the Indus."

ONE OF THE LAST INCIDENTS OF THE ROYAL TOUR.



THE DUKE OF CORNWALL (LEFT), OBVIOUSLY AMUSED BY THE NOVEL ADVENTURE; AND PRINCESS ANNE (RIGHT) OFFERING A NUT TO ONE OF THE BARBARY APES AT GIBRALTAR, WHILE MAJOR JAMES, THE OFFICER IN CHARGE OF THE APES, IS KEEPING A WATCHFUL EYE ON THE PROCEEDINGS.

During the Royal visit to Gibraltar, her Majesty and the Duke of Edinburgh paid a visit to the celebrated Barbary apes, the only wild monkeys in Europe, whose presence on the Rock is said to ensure that it will remain in British hands; and fed them with nuts and bananas. The Royal children went to see the apes twice. The first occasion was on May 10, when the Duke of Cornwall and Princess Anne were unexpectedly taken by car from *Britannia* to the old gun site where the animals live; and they went for a second time on May 11, just after the Queen and the Duke had been. Princess Anne was highly amused by the monkeys and greatly enjoyed feeding them. The Duke of Cornwall was a little shy at first, but later fed the monkeys with nuts.

to increase the knowledge of the human past, which is a hundred times longer than that known to us from carved or written scripts. We have no notion as to what is yet to come. As I write, *The Times* announces the discovery, at Jericho ("Go to Jericho" used to be a contumelious form of address, but in our day seems to be merely a good maxim for archaeologists) of a massive city-wall, dating from 5000-6000 B.C. Archbishop Ussher, who persuaded our section of the world that human existence began in 4004 B.C., must be turning, blushing, repenting, cursing, or perhaps merely apologising, in his grave. The announcement, I must add, was made by Miss Kathleen Kenyon, now happily in control of Archaeology in Palestine, where more evidence has been murdered by unsystematic digging than in any other country on the globe. Miss Kenyon's name appears in Sir Mortimer's preface. He says that while he was preparing his book Miss Kenyon was his "merciless critic for many years." Another lady, Miss Theodora Newbold, says he, "relentlessly urged me from chapter to chapter." Happy the man who is hounded by such furies with such excellent results!

The father of modern digging, with its precise three-dimensional day-to-day, layer-by-layer, inch-by-inch recording was General Pitt-Rivers, to whom

* "Archaeology from the Earth." By Sir Mortimer Wheeler. Illustrated. (Oxford University Press; 25s.)

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

WISDOM AND FOLLY.

By J. C. TREWIN.

I WAS told, in youth, not to joke about people's names—Charles Lamb and his "Mr. H——" would not have wrung a laugh from me—but the rule has to be snapped when somebody like Norman Wisdom appears in the theatre. After all, Wisdom's gift is his folly. Nobody, steering a dauntless path across Argyll Street to the Palladium, can say, as Prince Hal did, that wisdom cries out in the streets and no man regards it. With difficulty I shun the temptation of running for a concordance. There is, I remember, another Shakespearean phrase, about "cold wisdom" and "superfluous folly," and this should be welcomed by any colleague who has failed, inexplicably, to laugh at Wisdom's antics.

I ought to take out "inexplicably," for if we start to discuss why some of us admire Wisdom and some do not, we shall end by banging our heads vainly against an unyielding wall. Here, anyway, in "The Palladium Show," is the little man, his cloth cap pushed to the back of his head, and a light of desperate resolution in those eyes that at other times can look melancholy and pleading. He is set upon seeing a football match, though the gates are closed. He is forced to become a drummer under the merciless tuition of Jerry Desmonde. And at the end of the evening, suitably attired for the purpose and without his cap, he will sing "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling" whether or not the heavens fall.

The poor man has no luck. When, after fearsome endeavour, he climbs that fence, a policeman glares at him over the top. Although he tries to scuttle

takes his final curtain, to find him apparently alive and moderately well.

He has marked oddities. If he feels triumphant, which is seldom, he has a habit of walking forward and leaning over backward at the same time. When he laughs he is always likely to go off into a gulping hysteria that is as contagious as Cicely Courtneidge's roars used to be in "Laughing Gas." And, at any

wildly probing relatives. But, in effect, it is little more than a small joke teased out into full-play length. It does not need exceptional divination to guess the problem-child's secret (though its details are amusingly developed in the best scene, the last), and once it is solved, it is not very exhilarating to watch and to listen to various people on the stage speculating in vain. Luckily, the parents of the problem-child, a boy of fourteen, are acted by Alec Clunes and Avice Landone; they have a quick charm, and Mr. Clunes can do his share in the snip-snap of question-and-answer that is the best part of Mr. MacDougall's dialogue.

Lance Secretan, too, is engaging as the Infant Phenomenon, a boy with the kind of mouth in which no butter has ever melted. I regret the child's stammer. Agreed, it is not used offensively; but stammering, as a theatrical device, must always jar. It is a painful handicap in life, and for any sensitive listener it must handicap a play (the inevitable exception is "Henry IV., Part I.", and Hotspur is not much like the lad Lance Secretan acts at the Duke of York's). Incidentally, it still strikes me as curious that Roger MacDougall's most resourceful play, "The Gentle Gunman," is the only one of his six—except "The Man in the White Suit," now in production at Pitlochry—not to have had a full West End run.

I renewed acquaintance the other day with a difficult part for a child actor, that of Ronnie Winslow, cadet accused of the theft of a postal-order, in Terence Rattigan's expert drama, "The Winslow Boy." This was up at the Halifax

Playhouse, where an amateur company, the Halifax Thespians (Mr. Philip Starke-Jones is currently its President), has a reputation that spreads beyond the West Riding. The Playhouse is an intimate theatre, now five years old—the society is far older—that many ill-housed professionals would envy; and during its erection much of the spade-work (in the most strenuous sense) was done by the members themselves. Stage and lighting are first-rate; the Thespians have a catholic choice in plays. I found my visit to Halifax exciting: enthusiasm met enthusiasm.



"IT IS IN HIS CLOWNING THAT HE IS IRRESISTIBLE. IT IS NEAT, NIMBLE AND INDIVIDUAL; THE MAN IS MOONSTRUCK, AND WE HOPE THAT THE MOON WILL NEVER WANE": NORMAN WISDOM IN "THE PALLADIUM SHOW" (PALLADIUM), SHOWING THE SCENE IN WHICH HE IS DETERMINED TO SEE A FOOTBALL MATCH, THOUGH THE GATES ARE CLOSED AND THE LAW IN THE SHAPE OF A POLICEMAN (HERBERT HARE) INTERVENES. MR. TREWIN SAYS THAT THE SHOW "BELONGS TO NORMAN WISDOM, ON HIS FEET AND OFF . . ."



"VAL GIELGUD'S DISTINGUISHED PLAY REACHES THE WEST END, NOW WITH LEO GENN AS THE SCIENTIST WHO MUST SEARCH HIS CONSCIENCE, AND RACHEL GURNEY AS HIS WIFE": "THE BOMBSHELL" (WESTMINSTER), SHOWING A SCENE FROM THE PLAY, WITH (L. TO R.) JAMES RICE (RAYMOND HUNTLEY); JUDITH RICE (DELPHI LAWRENCE); JOHN BRUNTON (LEO GENN); AND AVICE BRUNTON (RACHEL GURNEY).

out of his "lessen in rhythm," he has to sit in the shade of an infernal machine that alternately hammers his head and punches his ear. And, as for his song, though he is game to the last against the machinations of Jerry Desmonde, he never gets beyond the first line or so. He is still hopeful at the end when he stands in complete darkness before the drop-curtain, spurring a cigarette-lighter. A gallant little fellow; desperately, we want him to succeed, even if, at heart, we know that success is impossible. Throughout his life he will get so far and no farther, and Mr. Desmonde will be looming above him just as (and the comparison is inevitable whenever I think of these two) the fearful Cattermole towered above the helpless Spalding in "The Private Secretary." (Wisdom would be the right Spalding.)

A good many comedians can present an amiable little man in the toils. Wisdom sticks in memory because he is so anxious. With him everything is a matter of the utmost urgency. We feel—as we feel about few comedians—that terrible things may happen to him in the wings if he does not achieve his end. We can identify ourselves with him, and it is a relief, when he

moment at all in his act, he is ready to crash helplessly to the floor. I think he might ration these tumbles. Wisdom is preferable on his feet.

We get him in another mood when he strolls, with Gillian Moran, through a pleasant idyll—helped by a revolving stage—that is better than its title, "Romance in Town." But this, for me, has to be secondary Wisdom. Also, I am not very fond of him as a straight singer. It is in his clowning that he is irresistible. It is neat, nimble and individual; the man is moonstruck, and we hope that the moon will never wane. Certainly he is the life of a revue that is described on the cover of the programme as "The London Palladium Show," on one of the inner pages as "The Palladium Show," and on the central pages as "The 1954 Palladium Show." (We get the idea.) There are several other agreeable turns: harmonica-players, tap-dancers, trampolinists; but naturally the night is Wisdom's.

That conceded, I do not think his name should invariably be printed in the programme in larger type than the names of his colleagues. It is an old device; one that should have been discarded long ago.

Roger MacDougall's new comedy, "The Facts of Life" (Duke of York's), could be taken as a contrast between wisdom and folly: the wisdom of the school-boy who is allegedly a "failure," and the folly of his



"ROGER MACDOUGALL'S NEW COMEDY . . . COULD BE TAKEN AS A CONTRAST BETWEEN WISDOM AND FOLLY: THE WISDOM OF THE SCHOOL-BOY WHO IS ALLEGEDLY A 'FAILURE,' AND THE FOLLY OF HIS WILDLY PROBING RELATIVES": "THE FACTS OF LIFE" (DUKE OF YORK'S), SHOWING A SCENE FROM THE PLAY IN WHICH MARJORIE PETERS (AVICE LANDONE) AND ALLAN PETERS (ALEC CLUNES) QUESTION THEIR SON, JONATHAN (LANCE SECRETAN), ABOUT HIS ACTIVITIES ON WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY AFTERNOONS.

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"THE FACTS OF LIFE" (Duke of York's).—A thin-spun joke about a problem-child who is actually a mathematical genius. Roger MacDougall has written better plays. He has the luck here to be interpreted by such artists as Alec Clunes and Avice Landone, and to have Lance Secretan as the fourteen-year-old who, in spite of his school reputation as a "failure," does know many of the answers. I am sorry that the dramatist has saddled him with a stammer. (May 4.)

"THE PALLADIUM SHOW" (Palladium).—This belongs to Norman Wisdom, on his feet and off; a comedian like an appealing water-spaniel. A special word for two of his partners, Jerry Desmonde (who acts as tormentor-in-chief), and Gillian Moran as a girlfriend. (May 5.)

"THE WINSLOW BOY" (Halifax Playhouse).—A good amateur revival, by the Halifax Thespians, of Rattigan's petition-of-right drama. (April 28–May 8; seen May 8.)

"THE BOMBSHELL" (Westminster).—Val Gielgud's distinguished play reaches the West End, now with Leo Genn as the scientist who must search his conscience, and Rachel Gurney as his wife. (May 11.) Withdrawn on Saturday, May 15, after seven performances.

On another day it was a delight to go over, with that learned Brontëan, Dr. Phyllis Bentley, to the Brontë parsonage on the hilltop at Haworth, most summoning of "shrines." I had met the parsonage so often on the stage that it seemed a familiar friend. A case in one of the rooms holds a collection of programmes of the various plays about the Three Sisters of Haworth. I wonder whether Charlotte, Emily and Anne would have thought of their theatrical fame as wisdom or folly.

THE QUEEN'S MAJESTY AND ELEGANCE: EVENING DRESSES OF THE TOUR.



SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA.
THE ROYAL BANQUET.
Lime-green tulle over silk, the tulle embroidered with Australian golden wattle.



WELLINGTON, NEW ZEALAND.
AN INVESTITURE.
A dress of fine lace with a floral design; worn with a fur wrap.



DUNEDIN, NEW ZEALAND.
CONCERT.
A full-skirted dress of rich brocade, with a draped bodice.



MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA.
STATE RECEPTION.
An evening dress of white satin allied to pale-blue tulle.



HOBART, TASMANIA.
CIVIC BALL.
A particularly graceful dress in lilac-coloured Swiss embroidery, with a three-tiered skirt.



(LEFT.)
PALMERSTON NORTH,
NEW ZEALAND. CIVIC
DINNER.
A stately and magnificent
emerald-green brocade dress,
with lace at the décolleté.



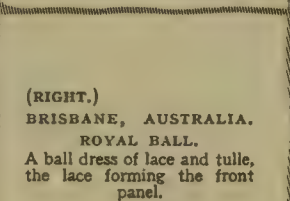
OPENING THE AUSTRALIAN FEDERAL PARLIAMENT,
CANBERRA.
Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II. in her magnificent
Coronation dress, embroidered with emblems of the
Commonwealth countries.



(RIGHT.)
SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA.
ROYAL GALA PERFORMANCE.
An orchid pink dress with a
floral design, and a velvet sash.



(LEFT.)
MALTA. THE PREMIER'S
RECEPTION.
A white dress embroidered with
a design in gold thread.



(RIGHT.)
BRISBANE, AUSTRALIA.
ROYAL BALL.
A ball dress of lace and tulle,
the lace forming the front
panel.



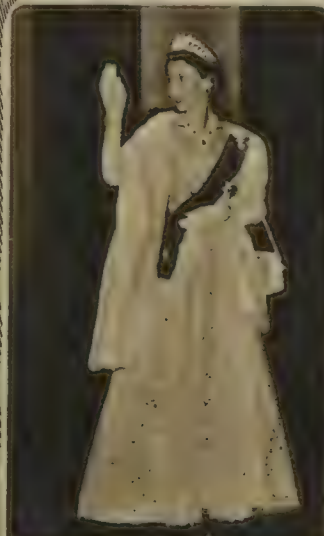
BRISBANE, AUSTRALIA.
STATE RECEPTION.
The "Rose of England" dress in white satin,
the roses in raised material, and embroidered
foliage.



CANBERRA, AUSTRALIA.
BANQUET.
A full-skirted dress of pale-green tulle
over silk taffeta. A shoulder bouquet
of tea roses.



JAMAICA, WEST INDIES.
EVENING RECEPTION.
A dress of heavy silk, the upper part
of the skirt and the bodice heavily
embroidered.



HOBART, TASMANIA.
CITY HALL RECEPTION.
A tulle dress with panels of brilliant
embroideries in jewels and paillettes.



CHRISTCHURCH, NEW ZEALAND.
CIVIC DINNER.
A dress of organza embroidered with a design
of bunches of rosebuds, made over pink; and
a scarf to match.

INDICATING THE NUMBER OF ENGAGEMENTS FULFILLED BY THE QUEEN



CANBERRA, AUSTRALIA. GOVERNMENT HOUSE GARDEN-PARTY. A dark-blue dress patterned in white, with large hat to match.



MELBOURNE. GOVERNMENT HOUSE. GARDEN-PARTY. A royal blue nylon net dress with pleated skirt. White hat.



MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA. GOVERNMENT HOUSE. A simple, trim dress of striped material, skilfully cut.



WELLINGTON, N.Z. GOVERNMENT HOUSE. GARDEN-PARTY. Pale beige dress with full skirt, and small white hat.



WELLINGTON, NEW ZEALAND. THE STATE LUNCHEON. Caramel-coloured dress and coat, with black spots, black hat and gloves.



CEYLON. PARLIAMENT HOUSE. Pale blue dress, with a fern-leaf design.



SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA. ANZAC MEMORIAL. Lace dress and small hat.



SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA. BARRACK ST. JETTY. Suit in beige silk with white stripes.



COCOS ISLANDS. Pale yellow dress with white stripes.



WAIKURAU, NEW ZEALAND. Pale blue and white dress, with a blue and white hat to match.



COLOMBO, CEYLON. PRIME MINISTER'S PARTY. Full-skirted cocktail dress, with draped bodice.



COLOMBO, CEYLON. HAVELOCK RACE-COURSE. Dress of light, patterned material coming on self-coloured underskirt.



ON BOARD H.M.S. SHEPFIELD. Grey-and-yellow striped cotton dress.



WARKWORTH, NEW ZEALAND. Summer dress with full skirt and buttoned bodice.

DURING HER TOUR: TWENTY-EIGHT OF HER MAJESTY'S DAY DRESSES.



CEYLON, SINGIRIYA. White dress patterned in emerald green; emerald green hat.



BRISBANE, AUSTRALIA. EX-SERVICE MEN'S REVIEW. Severely simple summer frock, worn with a small hat.



AUCKLAND, NEW ZEALAND. HOSPITAL VISIT. A white dress with black spots, and tiny hat.



CANBERRA, CAPITAL TERRITORY, AUSTRALIA. GOVERNMENT HOUSE. Steel-grey dress, hat and gloves; white bag and shoes.



SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA. GARDEN-PARTY. Slim-fitting white lace dress, and large, wide-brimmed black tulle hat.



ROCKHAMPTON AIR PORT, QUEENSLAND, AUSTRALIA. Pale blue dress, with a black-and-white design.



ENTERBE, UGANDA. Silk dress, with full apron effect on skirt.



HAMILTON, NEW ZEALAND. SHEEP-SHEARING DISPLAY. Dress with pleated skirt and draped bodice.



DARFIELD, NEW ZEALAND. Cyclamen-pink dress, printed with black design; and worn with a pink hat.



TOWWOOMBA, QUEENSLAND. Dress with broderie anglaise shoulder cape and panels.



SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA. ARRIVAL. White cotton dress, grey and yellow wattle design, pale yellow hat.



STRATFORD, NEW ZEALAND. White suit, worn with a red hat.



THRALGON, AUSTRALIA. White suit with green and pink design. Green hat.



ADEN. Yellow dress with tucked effect; yellow hat; white shoes.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

AUSTRALIA IN REGENT'S PARK.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

I MADE a special journey to the London Zoo to see the collection of Australian animals sent over to commemorate the Royal Tour. Spring has been late this year, or, rather, it came at the usual time, and after a heartening but short spell of warm weather a continuous spell of cold weather caused it to hang fire. On this particular day the wind had lost a little of its edge and there was enough sun to make the weather bearable, provided one had the comfort of an overcoat. I had expected the animals to be showing signs of an adverse reaction to this weather, but this was not particularly noticeable.

There is no mistaking which is the collection, once you are in that part of the Zoo, since the compound in which it is housed is gay with the flags of the Dominion. Otherwise it could be just another part of the Zoo. This, while unexpected, could hardly be otherwise, for a zoo is a collection of animals and any collection of animals placed in a zoo merely becomes part of it. Furthermore, remote as the Australian fauna is in fact, and remarkable when considered alongside the fauna of the British Isles, it is very familiar to us in so many ways and not likely to hold surprises. Cockatoos and parrakeets, for example, are favourites both as pets and inmates of zoos, and the other birds are either familiar to us from numerous published photographs or from seeing them in the cages of the larger zoos, and a number of them do not differ markedly from some of our native birds. When we turn to the mammals it is much the same story. Even so, there is another aspect to this collection which offsets my seemingly indifferent reaction to it, and is one to which I shall return later.

The birds, as usual, have stolen the thunder, being numerically superior as well as showing the greater activity. There are nearly a hundred, representing some thirty species, as compared with the dozen mammals representing half-a-dozen species. The reptiles were not on view. The several species of cockatoos were obviously first favourites with visitors. Not so the great black cockatoo, however, for this large bird, with its dark-grey plumage relieved by a salmon-pink patch on each cheek, attracted only passing attention, perhaps because its colour and the disproportionately large beak combined with its immobility gives it a somewhat morose air. On the other hand, these qualities perhaps served to emphasise the vivid colours of the parrakeets in the adjoining cages and the vivacity of, especially, the greater sulphur-crested cockatoos on the other side of it. But what counted most in this competition for popular favour was the fact that the cockatoos could talk, and it was before their cages that the groups of visitors were thickest and most persistent. At the time of my visit the sulphur-crested cockatoos were particularly voluble.

The wedge-tailed eagle looked disconsolate, but eagles always do, whether in a cage or free; and the tawny frogmouths, related to our nightjars and curiously owl-like in appearance, were doing what they always do during the day, roosting, their mottled plumage making them inconspicuous even against the unnatural background of their cage. In an adjacent cage were several laughing jackasses, the large Australian kingfishers, and I waited there for some time hoping to hear their laughing call. They were not particularly active, however, and in any case I should have known better, for the clockbirds, as they are also called, are

regularly vocal at daybreak and dusk. The brush turkeys, or megapodes, with their large, strong feet, had no dead leaves in their cage, even if they had been in the mood to build the large mounds, which they

On the whole, the birds seemed to be unaffected by the change from their warmer climate to these inhospitable regions. The bower bird, bronzed winged pigeons, piping crows and plumed ground doves were all active, and the emus were most certainly already feeling at home.

In a zoological sense there was an interesting comparison to be made here. The efficiency of feathers as insulators was evident in the ready acclimatisation of the birds. By contrast, the cold-blooded reptiles were being kept indoors until the weather improves. The reactions of the mammals were, however, difficult to gauge. The great grey and red kangaroos seemed content and for the most part browsed the grass. The wombat was not to be seen, nor the echidna, the spiny anteater. The four dingoes were doing what any dog would do, sleeping in the sun, which happened at that moment to be flooding their cage. They are a poor index to acclimatisation, however, for although wild in Australia they are not truly native and nobody knows quite where they did come from, although it has been suggested that they may have been introduced by the aborigines from Asia. The most active mammal was the Tasmanian devil, undeservedly so-named, we are told, and certainly more pathetic than ferocious at that particular moment. In the manner typical of the caged carnivore it was pacing up and down one side of its cage, but whether the restlessness had any connection with the change in the climate or was due to a natural disposition is a matter for speculation.

So much for the animals in the collection. Now for the point referred to earlier. From the purely educational point of view there are two outstanding features of the collection as exposed to a visitor. In the first place, although it is no more than a sample of the extensive and highly interesting Australian fauna, the fact that most of the animals are together in a group gives one a quick impression of what is found in that one part of the world. In other words, it represents a natural grouping. Secondly, this same effect is helped by a short series of large photographs displayed along one side of the central enclosure. These are pictures not only of the animals themselves but of Australian landscapes and habitats. Normally, one goes into, say, the reptile house and one comes away with a clear impression of

the range of reptiles to be found throughout the world, but with no clear impression of how they are grouped in this or the other part of the world. So it is throughout the Zoo, animals from Europe, Asia,

Africa and America rub shoulders all the way. There are, one can see, immense difficulties in the way of arranging it otherwise. Yet this Australian collection gives a glimpse of the immense gain, were such a thing possible, that could accrue from having the animals grouped geographically. The second point seems, on the other hand, to be more possible of attainment. Photographs of vegetation or of landscapes, or even photographs of typical habits could enhance tremendously the educational value of the animals exhibited. I, personally, would like to have seen more photographs even for this occasion, but then the organisation required to bring animals together from all parts of Australia and transport them to Regent's Park is sufficient of a feat. Also, once here their care and attention probably absorbs all the available time and attention.

Anyway, the laughing jackass did laugh as I was leaving.



AFTER OPENING THE AUSTRALIAN COLLECTION AT THE LONDON ZOO ON APRIL 26: SIR THOMAS WHITE, HIGH COMMISSIONER FOR AUSTRALIA, HOLDING A WOMBAT, WHILE HIS DAUGHTER, LILIAN, WEARS GLOVES TO HANDLE AN ECHIDNA, OR SPINY ANTEATER. DURING DR. BURTON'S VISIT TO THE COLLECTION, WHICH HE DESCRIBES ON THIS PAGE, HE DID NOT SEE EITHER OF THESE ANIMALS, BOTH OF WHICH ARE NOCTURNAL.

habitually use to incubate their eggs; but those same strong feet were already at work ripping up the turf laid, presumably only as part of the *décor*, on the floor of the cage.



LAZING IN THE SUN, AND APPARENTLY QUITE CONTENT WITH THEIR NEW AND UNACCUSTOMED SURROUNDINGS: A QUARTET OF RED KANGAROOS IN THE AUSTRALIAN COLLECTION AT THE LONDON ZOO.



THE BROLGA, OR AUSTRALIAN CRANE



THE FROGMOUTHS



THE GREAT PALM COCKATOO.



THE BLACK-FACED KANGAROO



THE BARRABAND PARAKEET



THE GREAT GREY KANGAROO



THE TASMANIAN DEVIL



THE RED KANGAROO



THE ECHIDNA, OR SPINY ANTEATER.



THE LAUGHING JACKASS, OR KOOKABURRA.



THE WOMBAT.



THE WEDGE-TAILED EAGLE.

**A GIFT TO THE LONDON ZOO IN COMMEMORATION OF THE ROYAL TOUR OF AUSTRALIA AND HER MAJESTY'S CORONATION:
SOME OF THE MAMMALS AND BIRDS IN THE RICH AND VARIED AUSTRALIAN COLLECTION.**

An exhibition of nearly 200 Australian animals was opened at the London Zoo on April 26 by Sir Thomas White, the High Commissioner for Australia. The collection has been given by Australia, and assembled by Sir Edward Hallstrom, to commemorate the Coronation and the Australian Commonwealth tour of her Majesty the Queen. The main part of the collection is displayed in a special enclosure between the Lion House and the Sea-Lion Pond, but several other creatures—such as reptiles, fish and insects—which need special exhibition

conditions—can be seen in their respective houses in various parts of the Gardens. On this page we show a few of the interesting mammals and birds in this rich and varied collection of the fauna of a great Dominion. Three kinds of kangaroo, the animal which above all is associated with Australia, are on exhibition. These are the Red Kangaroo, the largest and most striking; the Black-Faced Kangaroo, and the Great Grey Kangaroo. Dr. Burton has been to the Zoo to see the collection and he describes his visit in an article on the facing page.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

PLANTS OF THE ROYAL TOUR.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

IN reading descriptions of H.M. the Queen's Commonwealth Tour, gardeners at home have doubtless been trying to visualise

Olearias, over forty species, some of which, at any rate, are hardy and in cultivation in Britain.

Australia, like New Zealand, gives a few, alas! relatively few, trees, shrubs and smaller plants which may be grown in the open air here. It would be difficult to say which are the more characteristic of the Australian trees, the Eucalyptus (Blue Gums) or the Acacias

for that purpose nearly as much as it was half a century ago. The deliciously fragrant Boronia is still grown as a greenhouse pot-plant, and sold in that form in florists' shops, but few private gardens still cultivate it as they did fifty or so years ago.

Perhaps as a result of the Royal tour some of these tender and not-quite-hardy treasures will become popular again, but the main difficulty under present conditions is the shortage and the cost of fuel, even for the mere exclusion of frost from our greenhouses. A typical example of a truly fascinating Australian flower which seems to be extremely difficult to cultivate in this country is the Kangaroo Paw, *Anigozanthus manglesii*. Some years ago I saw this flourishing in a garden at Mentone. On a wiry, 2-ft. stem it carried a spreading head of tube-shaped flowers in bright red and emerald green velvet. More than once since seeing this flower I have tried growing it from imported seeds, but although I have raised seedlings, never once have I succeeded in growing them on to the flowering stage. Always something which I did, or didn't do, irked them to such an extent that they took umbrage and petered out, suddenly and completely.

The Mediterranean climate of Malta seems to suggest olive and pomegranate (*Punica granatum*) more than anything else, while Gibraltar, whilst supporting a Mediterranean as well as a thoroughly cosmopolitan flora, has two specialities, the Gibraltar candytuft, *Iberis gibraltarrica*, and the rare and curious little *Narcissus viridiflorus*, with its small green flowers, more interesting and curious than beautiful. The candytuft, however, is quite an attractive plant, with its showy heads of white or pink flowers. Although not always quite reliably hardy, it is easily raised from seed.

And so home to England—Britain, the best of all countries—

to return to. And to appreciate it to the full, what finer stimulant than long travel abroad. Memories of tropical scenes, of blue mountains and blue gums, of wattles, palms and piccaninnies, make a grand background for a return to oaks and elms, bluebells, cowslips, primroses and a pair of enchanting small children.



the trees and shrubs, the gardens and the flowers which have formed a background to her Majesty's travels. In studying pictures of the tour in the pages of *The Illustrated London News*, and elsewhere, I have time after time found my attention straying from guards of honour, enthusiastic crowds, reception committees and lavishly decorated streets and buildings, to the botanical and horticultural surroundings of it all—palms and other tropical vegetation in Bermuda, Jamaica, Panama, Fiji and Tonga Islands. Bermuda suggests to the gardener the famous Bermuda Lily, *Lilium longiflorum* v. *eximium*, which has been grown there commercially with such success, although actually it is a native of Formosa. Jamaica suggests bananas—and to some folk sugar-canes and, so, rum. Panama and Fiji spell, for me, at any rate, tropical vegetation and all sorts of exotic fruits. At Tonga it is, I imagine, much the same, with one superlative addition—Queen Salote. And so on to New Zealand, land of wonderful trees and shrubs and wild flowers.

Many of the New Zealand plants can be grown successfully here, but many more, alas! are most difficult. Some are definitely not hardy in this country, some are on the borderline of hardiness, and will only tolerate our milder districts; whilst others just will not flourish, or can only be persuaded to grow and flower by the most skilful cultivation and coercion. Such a plant is the glorious giant white mountain buttercup, *Ranunculus lyallii*. Most characteristic among New Zealand shrubs are the Veronicas, both the broad-leaved types and the curious whipcord species. A few of these New Zealand Veronicas—or Hebes—are hardy in almost any part of Britain; whilst others are tender, except in very mild districts. The Ti-tree, or Manuka, *Leptospermum*, is among New Zealand's most beautiful and characteristic shrubs, with its slender, wiry growth, heath-like leaves, and myriads of enchanting pink, white or crimson blossoms. The New Zealand species is *Leptospermum scoparium*, of which there are a number of distinct varieties. A prostrate form with white flowers is apparently hardy. Then, too, there are New Zealand Daisy Bushes,



A GARLAND OF AUSTRALIAN WILD FLOWERS—SOME OF WHICH MAY HAVE DELIGHTED THE QUEEN'S EYES DURING THE COURSE OF THE ROYAL TOUR IN AUSTRALIA.

This collection of Australian wild flowers, which was specially drawn by Miss Margaret Stones for *The Illustrated London News* and appeared (in colour) in our issue of February 9, 1952, shows—in the manner of the old Dutch flower pieces—flowers which bloom states apart and months apart and form a single bouquet only in the artist's composition. They show, however, how tantalising it is to the gardener that so many Australian trees, shrubs and plants are not reliably hardy in this country. Photographs of other Australian and New Zealand flowers appear on the facing page.

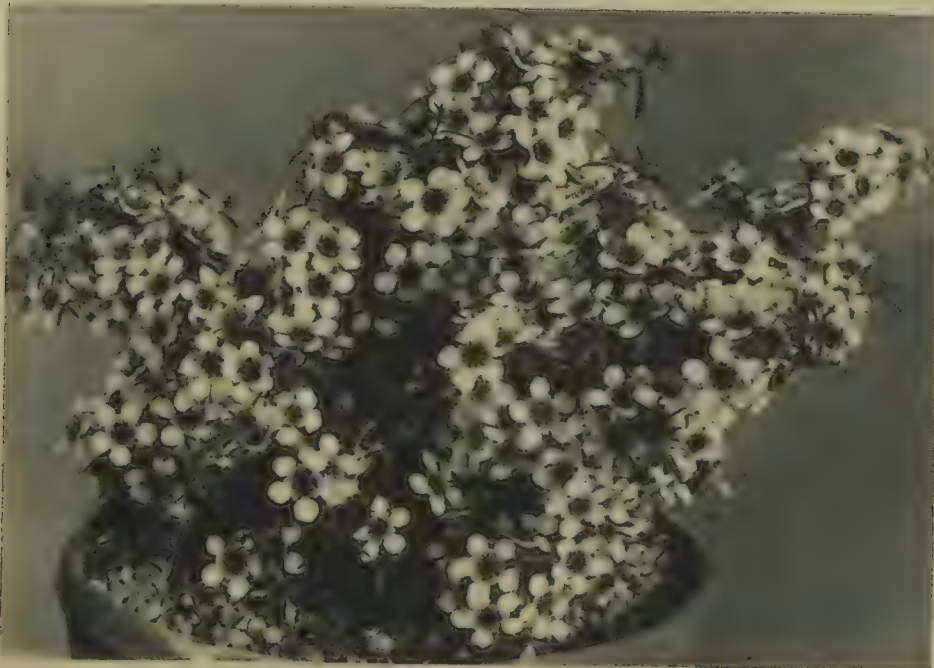
KEY TO THE NUMBERS (roughly clockwise from eight o'clock): (1) Lilly-pilly fruits (*Eugenia smithii*); (2) Guinea-flower (*Hibbertia scandens*); (3) Mauve Hibiscus (*Hibiscus huegelii*); (4) Silver Banksia (*Banksia marginalis*); (5) *Hypoleuca fastigiata*, a grass; (6) Kangaroo Paw (*Anigozanthus manglesii*); (7) Nodding Blue Lily (*Stypandra glauca*); (8) Cootamundra Wattle (*Acacia Baileyana*); (9) Waratah (*Telopea speciosissima*); (10) Flannel-flower (*Actinotis helianthi*); (11) Blue Water-lily (*Nymphaea stellata*); (12) Qualup Bell (*Pimelea physodes*); (13) Bushy Yate, or the Finger-stall Gum (*Eucalyptus lehmannii*) fruits; (14) Kurradjong (*Brachychiton populneus*) fruits; (15) Needle Bush (*Hakea sericea*) fruits.

(Wattles). Certain species of both may be grown here in the open, but with most, if not with all, there is an element of risk, even in the mildest districts. They may flourish for years and then, at last, succumb to one of those exceptionally hard winters which inevitably crop up from time to time. The Norfolk Island Pine, *Araucaria excelsa*, is familiar with us as a pot-plant for indoor decoration, but is not grown

FLOWERS OF THE ROYAL TOUR ROUTE: SOME AUSTRALIAN AND NEW ZEALAND PLANTS.



ONE OF AUSTRALIA'S DELIGHTFUL WATTLES: THE YELLOW-FLOWERED *ACACIA HASTULATA*, SO CALLED FROM THE FACT THAT THE LEAF IS LIKE A NARROW SPEAR-HEAD.



ONE OF THE MANY FORMS OF NEW ZEALAND'S TI-TREE OR MANUKA: THE DWARF *LEPTOSPERMUM NANUM*, ONE OF A FAMILY WHOSE FLOWERS VARY BETWEEN RED, PINK AND CARMINE.



AN AUSTRALIAN WATTLE, WHICH IS NOW BEING GROWN AS A ROOM PLANT: *ACACIA VERTICILLATA*, WITH CATKIN-LIKE YELLOW FLOWERS AMONG A HEATH-LIKE FOLIAGE.

In general, while English flowers prosper in Australia and New Zealand, the converse for the most part is not true; and, as Mr. Elliott implies in the article on the opposite page, the native plants of New Zealand, and even the most temperate parts of Australia, are often tantalisingly difficult in English gardens. Some of New Zealand's shrubs, the veronicas, the olearias or daisy-bushes, and the shrubby senecios do well enough, especially in seaside gardens; but her Alpines, the celmisias, the white gentians and the lovely *Ranunculus lyallii* tend to have short and chequered careers; and the innumerable wattles and gums (acacia and eucalyptus)



ONE OF THE WATTLES WHOSE BRILLIANT YELLOW AND DELICIOUS SCENT BRING THE FIRST BREATH OF SPRING TO THE LONDON STREETS: *ACACIA*, VAR. "ARTHUR DUTTON."



THE SCARLET-FLOWERING GUM (*EUCALYPTUS FICIFOLIA*), WHOSE EXTRAORDINARY SEA-ANEMONE-LIKE FLOWERS ARE ALSO SOMETIMES WHITE OR PINK.

of Australia need protection or the mild climates of Scilly, Cornwall and the West of Scotland to attain any degree of permanence. There are, of course, exceptions to this rule, and matured eucalyptus-trees may be found from time to time in less-favoured localities; but, even when they prosper for a while, the plants of the Antipodes "flatter but to deceive." Many are, however, so delightful, that they do at least reach the British public via the flower-shops; and it seems possible that the developing cult of indoor plants may, with the stimulus of the Royal tour, bring more Antipodean plants into English homes, if not into English gardens.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

NOW we must brace ourselves for something grave: another large slice from a mammoth-novel of ideas. No one who read the first part of "The Man Without Qualities," by Robert Musil (Secker and Warburg; 25s.), is likely to have forgotten it entirely. At least, he will recall its spaciouly ironic theme: how, on the eve of the First War, there was a move in old Kakania—the empire of Franz Josef—to give the seventieth anniversary of his accession a unique éclat. 1918 was, in some manner unfixed, to be an Austrian Year, and strike the whole world with amazement. (And more especially the Prussians, who had a rival jubilee.) Hence the Collateral Campaign—the great suggestion-mart, and focus of "redeeming upsurge." That, too, will be remembered; and probably Diotima, its leading lady, her Prussian soul-mate Dr. Arnheim, and her sublime idea, which was to have him run the show. Arnheim, the super-cultured millionaire, is, as it were, the obverse of her cousin Ulrich—Ulrich, the tone-giving and central figure, who has no "qualities," no portion in the Babel of Kakania and modern life, although a quirk of chance has made him Honorary Secretary to the idea-hunters. Then there is Bonadea, his old love; the Jewish Fischel and his fair, free, rebelliously Germanic child; the bosom-enemies, Clarisse and Walter; General Stumm von Bordwehr, guilelessly ravished by Diotima and the civilian spirit; those two attendant sprites, the black boy and the little maid; and, of course, Moosbrugger, the sexual maniac, everyone's "fellow in the cellarage."

No doubt they all come back, after a fashion. But all, inevitably, have lost ground; and in this volume, somehow they fail to make it up again. Their appearances are scrappy—in Bonadea's case, intrusive; and we get no fresh insight into what makes them tick, or where, if anywhere, they are all heading. Indeed, there is a general effect of marking time. Even the great and once so promising Campaign is marking time, or starting to run down. It seemed a wonderful invention at the outset; its glut of theories and *idées fixes*, and vain search for the grand Idea, seemed to embrace the plight of Austria and Europe, the futility of thought, and the eternal helplessness of man. But after all, one can't go on like that; it is a scheme which won't develop, and could only flag. And so by now, the lunacies are a mere trickle. Even Diotima is tired of it—but then she has a full equivalent in Arnheim, and the new sublime of love versus renunciation. Whereas the narrative has come to a loose end. Nothing is taking place—except for Ulrich's closing of accounts with all the eligible females, who are all in love with him.

No doubt this rather yawning interval would be less marked, if we could read the whole novel at once. But would it then be more intelligible? For I have yet to touch on the grim feature: that while the flow of speculation and debate never lets up—and though it is compact of subtleties—most of the time one can't make head or tail of it.

OTHER FICTION.

Anything after that would be relaxing; and "My Name is Celia," by Rayne Kruger (Longmans; 10s. 6d.), though it has grim pretensions of its own, shrinks by comparison to a mere toy. Celia is a young, complacent matron from the provinces, untried, and rather carefully intact. She was a princess in her native town, and she is now a princess to her husband. Indeed, that was the charm; he had won her hand by admiration for her painting. If he is dullish all the same, if there are any nameless hankers in her subconscious—well, it is proper to ignore them. And safer, when she has a pedestal, a little boy, and everything handsome about her.

But then comes the affair of Uncle Walter and his "crock of gold." In 1938 Celia stayed with Uncle Walter in Berlin, and fell in love with Johann. It was her one romantic fling; and Uncle Walter promised she should be his heir, and talked of burying his fortune in the garden. . . . After the war, she learns his death has been presumed; but of his fortune there was not a trace. So she resolves to go and look for it. Philip, of course, can't come—and that, for inexplicit reasons, may be quite as well.

But from the moment when she steps out of the 'plane, her smug and guarded personality begins to crumble. The new Berlin strikes her with terror; and yet from sheer perversity, she has to camp out in the desolation, to be near the spoil. There, in the ruins of her uncle's house, she meets the partner of her buried self—who is not Johann, but Gerd Kirche. A moral and gripping story—and a most memorable picture of Berlin, with a dramatic, brief excursion to the Soviet sector.

"Leaving Home," by Elizabeth Janeway (Michael Joseph; 12s. 6d.), can be summed up as a nice book. Which is to say, as easily but not stupidly domestic. There are three Bishop children, living in Brooklyn with their mother and their Uncle Van, and we see each of them begin the world. Nina has everything laid on—a good job and an admirable "steady," if she could bring her mind to him. Meanwhile she is consumed with irritation and despair of life, and all her family have a bad time. Kermit has always been a trial; he is both cruel and solitary, tortured by feeling, and resolved passionately not to feel. But he will make his way; and he will turn out better than you might expect. Whereas the baby Marion, with her sweet nature and contented soul, will have a rougher passage than seemed likely. Only by then, interest has slightly fallen off. But it is all engaging, with a reliable and placid humour.

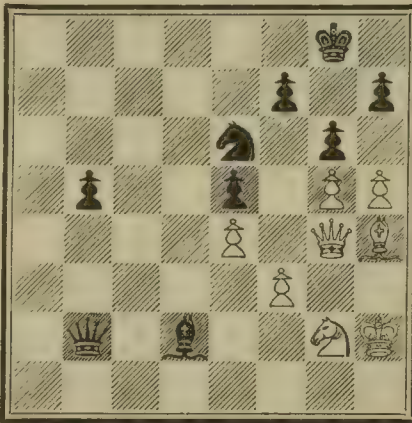
"Brought to Light," by E. R. Punshon (Gollancz; 10s. 6d.), is an extremely twopence-coloured mystery, featuring Hillings-under-Moor (known in old maps simply as "Hell"), where the great love of a once fashionable and departed genius was interred with his last poems and love-letters. Some think they ought to be dug up, but the surviving relatives won't have it. And some say they are gone already: that when, two years ago, the Rector vanished on his evening stroll, he had first robbed the grave, with an idea of blackmailing the Duke of Blegborough. Because the letters may suggest he is a poisoner. The whole business, with its crime-reporter and its crooks, has an unwonted strain of gaiety.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

FEW of us can recall our early days at chess without wincing at the memory of the way an enemy knight, with sickening persistence in game after game, used to come down wham! forking our king and queen. The theme is eternal. At Bognor the co-winners, Barden and O'Kelly, each staged pretty knight fork finishes.

A. O'KELLY DE GALWAY, Belgium (Black).



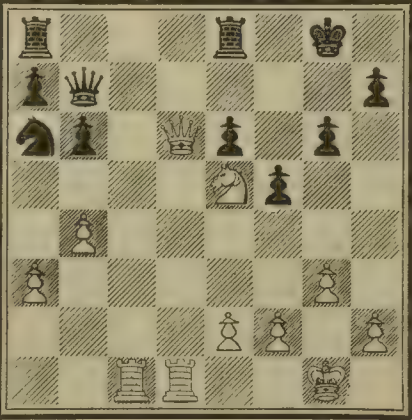
L. W. BARDEN (White).

Can you see the pattern of the fatal knight's fork here? It is all there, and by a virtually forced train of moves:

1. B-B5ch
2. B-Kt3 P×P!
3. Q×P B×Bch
4. K×B Q×Ktch!

White resigns—as a good alternative to 5. K×Q, Kt-B5ch and 6. . . . Kt×Q.

W. WANNER, Austria (Black).



L. W. BARDEN (White).

1. Kt-Q7 QR-Q1

As good a way as any of meeting the threat of 2. Kt-B6ch. Black's king's position is so open that no king move helps.

2. Kt-B6ch K-B2

Again, as good as anything. On Kt2 the king would be checked by White's next move; . . . 2. K-R1 would lose to 3. Q×R, R×Q; 4. R×Rch, K-Kt2; 5. R-Q7ch, etc.

3. Kt×R R×Q
4. Kt×Rch Resigns

White will finish two rooks to the good!

literature from Caxton's "Æsop," printed in 1484.

Now (I thought) for a real children's book, originally published in 1814, by P. J. Stahl, entitled "Poor Minette" (Rodale Press; 5s.). The whole format gives one the impression that this is a children's book. It is, in the first place, about cats, and I cannot think of an English author who would approach such a subject except to entertain children. But M. Stahl was a Frenchman, and lived in 1814. The result is a highly sophisticated short novel of the period—it is only 41 pages long, and seven of those are full-page illustrations—insufficiently realistic, if one recalls what is commonly known of the love-life of cats, but a pleasant satire on the French morals of the day. So "mothers of large families who claim to common sense" will not be well-advised to cast this atom bomb lightly into the nursery.

As a postscript, I greatly welcome a reprint of Mgr. Knox's "Essays in Satire" (Sheed and Ward; 8s. 6d.), first published in 1928. It is pleasant, while congratulating the Monsignor who produces monumental translations, to be reminded of the Ronnie who charmed us all at Oxford.

E. D. O'BRIEN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

THE AGE OF INNOCENCE.

WHEN one picks up a book entitled "East End Entertainment" (Arthur Barker; 30s.), one fancies that it might be a companion volume to that noble work—can the author have been Beachcomber?—called "The Decline and Fall of the Holborn Empire." The author is Mr. A. E. Wilson, the great dramatic critic, a great historian of the theatre, and a writer of singular, beguiling charm. There lingers about the work of practically all those who write about the theatre an atmosphere of the dressing-room and the first-night party, of a slightly embarrassing intimacy of manner and a slightly artificial cordiality. Not all readers enjoy being addressed (metaphorically) as "darling," in every other line. But Mr. Wilson contrives to convey his deeper feeling for the theatre, and for all connected with it, in a normal light, cutting out—if I may put it like that—the ambers and the floods. "East End

Entertainment" is first-class—better, I believe, than his "Edwardian Theatre." In its pages I learnt, with surprise, the origin of the "legitimate" drama. It appears that by two Acts of 1713 and 1737, Drury Lane, Covent Garden, and later the Haymarket, obtained a legal monopoly of presentation of the great classical plays. Unpatented, or "minor" theatres, might put on slapstick, song and dance, but were liable to heavy penalties if they infringed on the "legitimate." This absurd enactment they evaded by interposing a ballet, or two or three comic songs, but as Mr. Wilson so rightly suggests, this expedient somewhat falsified the original intention of the author of "Hamlet," "Macbeth" and "King Lear"! How rich the East End was in theatres throughout the nineteenth century! There was the Britannia at Hoxton, praised by Dickens in "The Uncommercial Traveller," where pantomime was as lavish as anywhere in London, so that even Bernard Shaw capitulated to its delights. There was the Standard at Shoreditch, whose early managers were soberly concerned with the moral elevation of the masses, but which ended with an unrivalled reputation for melodrama, with such unlevelling titles as "The Worst Woman in London," "The Girl Who Lost Her Character," and "The Girl Who Wrecked His Home." And there was the Pavilion, Mile End, the "Drury Lane of the East," which could hold some 3200 people, and which played melodrama to "perhaps the most cosmopolitan pit in the metropolis." But what of the present? Little now remains of the theatre in the East End, "or indeed of any kind of popular amusement except the cinema." And Mr. Wilson concludes: "But alas! the revels have indeed ended. The gorgeous palaces—or as they were so regarded amid the surrounding dinginess—the plays, the players and the playgoers have vanished and have truly left hardly a rack behind." Some years ago—I think at Christmas time—Sir Compton Mackenzie gave a broadcast talk on the pantomime. I was vividly reminded of this masterpiece of prose and reminiscence by Mr. Wilson's splendid pantheon of twopence-coloured ghosts.

It is no far cry from pantomime to children, and next on my list this week I have two of those historical and scholarly works on juvenilia which have become so popular recently. In the hands of the right author, such books can be enchanting, and both Miss Flora Gill Jacobs, who writes "A History of Dolls' Houses" (Cassell; 32s. 6d.), and Mr. Percy Muir, author of "English Children's Books" (Batsford; 42s.), come high up on the honours list in this category. I remember seeing the Queen's dolls' house many years ago, when it was on exhibition in London, and being overawed by its regal splendours, but I did not realise that this magnificent piece of architecture and interior decoration could be paralleled. The stately dolls' homes of England—Miss Jacobs' crack, alas! not mine—vast, spacious and lavish, richly bedight (I think that is the only word) with real velvets, brocades and silvers, almost stun the mind by the perfection of their craftsmanship. But collectors' pieces are all very well. I confess to a hankering after the old-fashioned dolls' house, with more modest trimmings, such as that in which Hunka-Munka and her consort caused such havoc!

Having recently re-read, with immense enjoyment, "The Fairchild Family," I was dispirited by Mr. Muir's philippics against this work and its author. "This truly appalling book," he thunders, "was based on an explicit belief in original sin and the tendency of children to prefer evil courses to good"—(I am tempted, impertinently, to wonder whether Mr. Muir can possibly be a father? One need not be a theologian to convince oneself of the truth of the doctrine of original sin; empirical observation will do it in no time)—"Guardians and parents," he continues, "must surely bear the ignominy of the continual reprinting of this dreadful compilation throughout the nineteenth century." Chastened by these rebukes, I turned hastily to see what Mr. Muir had to say about "Winnie-the-pooh," but he appears—for it is not easy to follow this book, with its extensive bibliographies and classification partly by subject and partly by chronology—to have evaded that delicate issue. However, he is sound, thank goodness, on Beatrix Potter. But I must not leave a wrong impression. There is much of fascinating interest in Mr. Muir's admirable work, which traces the story of children's



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VIEW POINT

There's something comfortably English about this bit of countryside, but no one would claim that it is typical of all Britain. Every place has its own special personality, and differences between one and another are reflected in the customs, voices, work and needs of the people who live there. It is because they appreciate the importance of these differing characteristics that Barclays Bank have Local Head Offices up and down the country, to ensure that, wherever you live, the facilities provided at a branch of Barclays are exactly what you yourself require.

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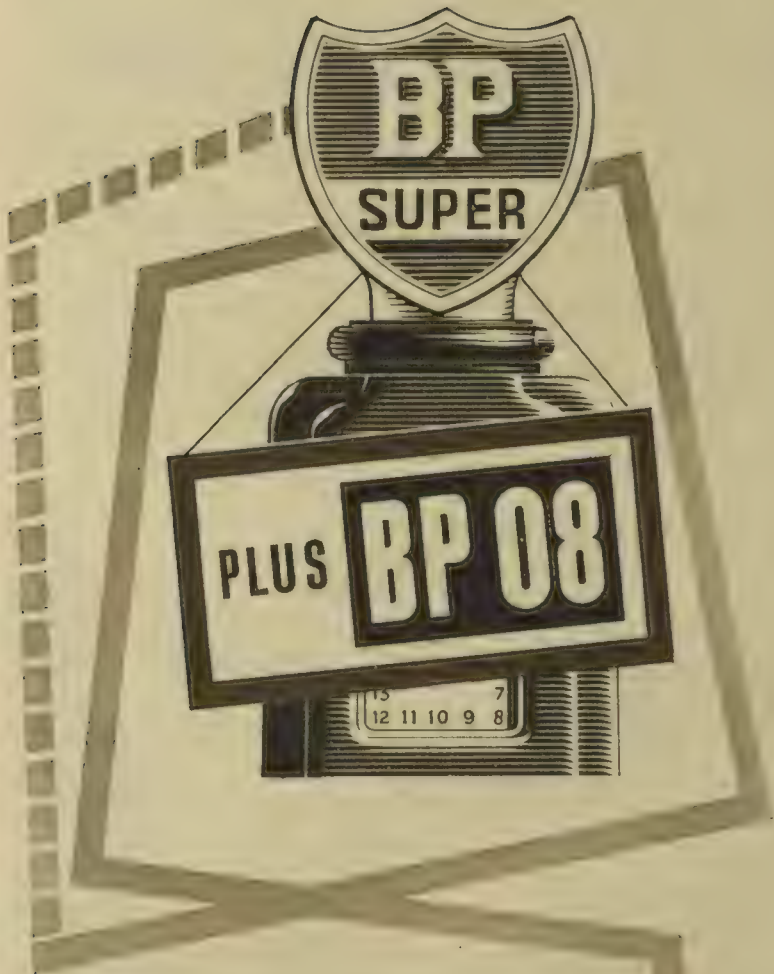
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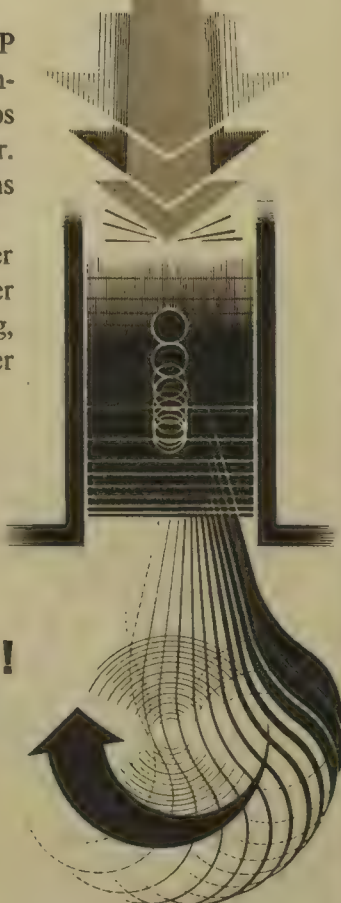
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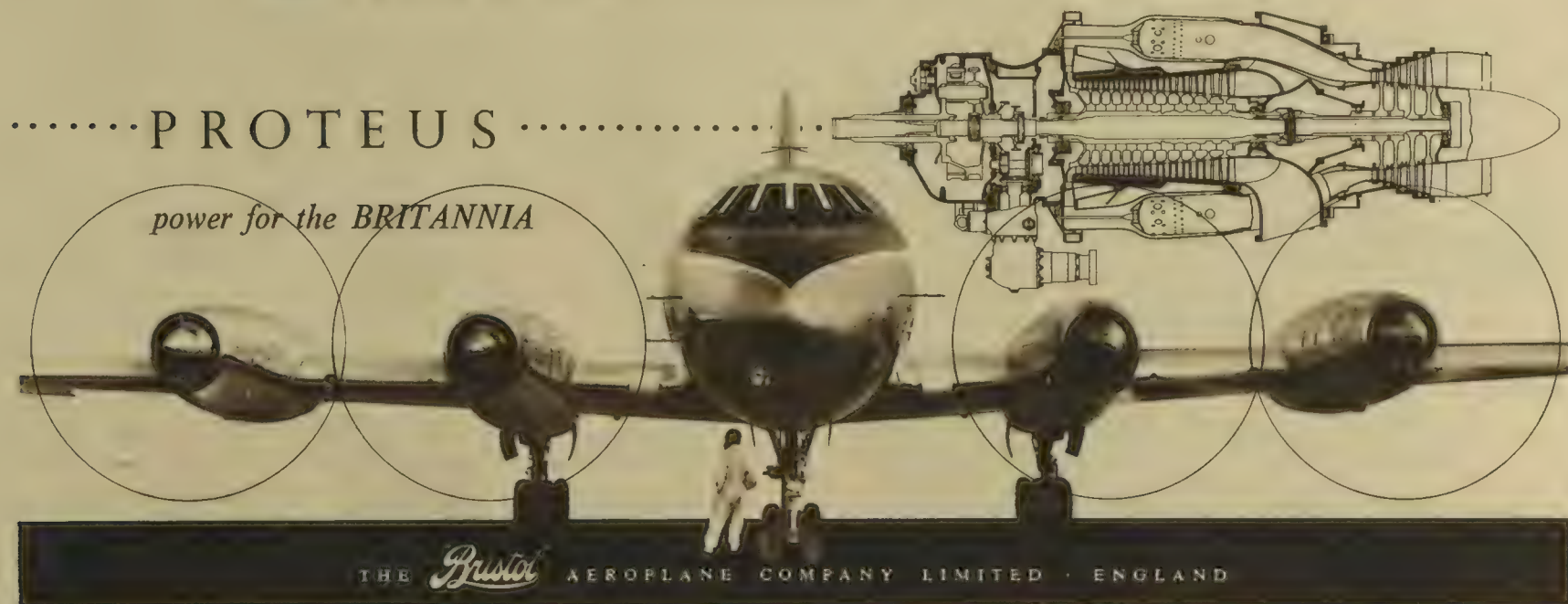
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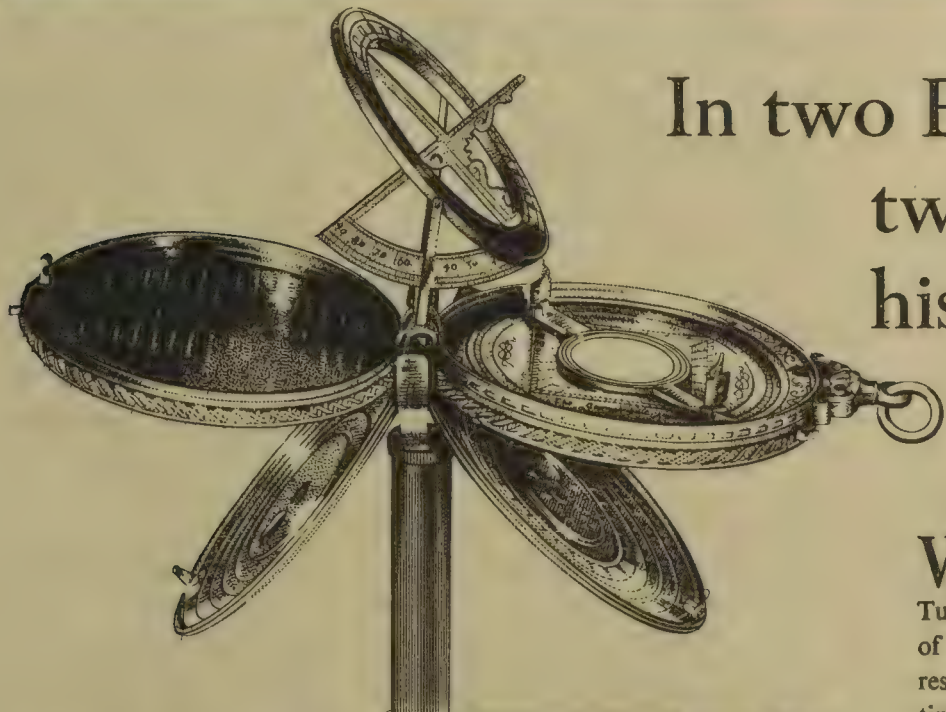
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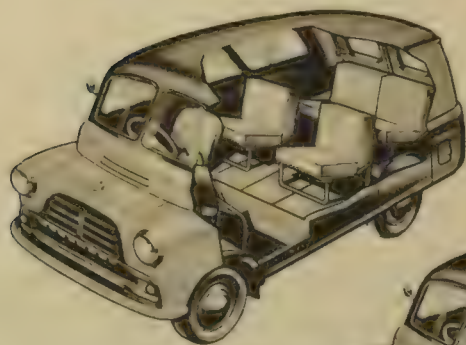
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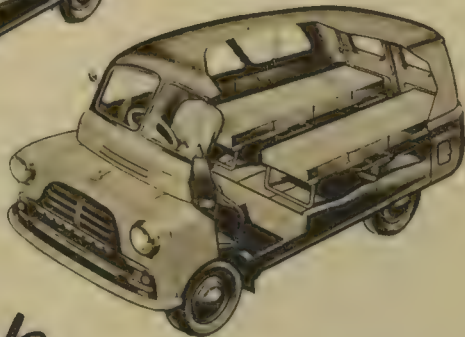
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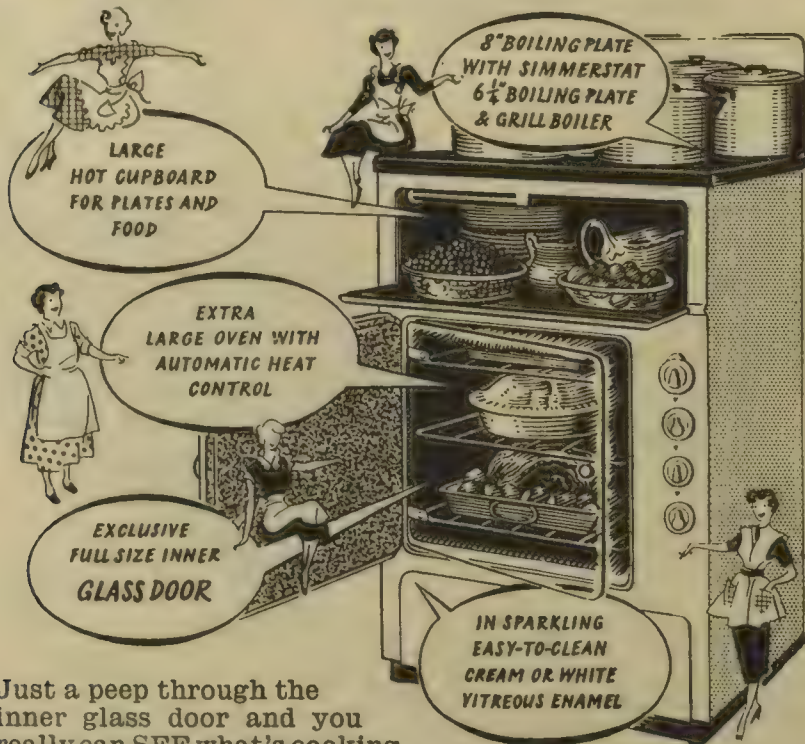
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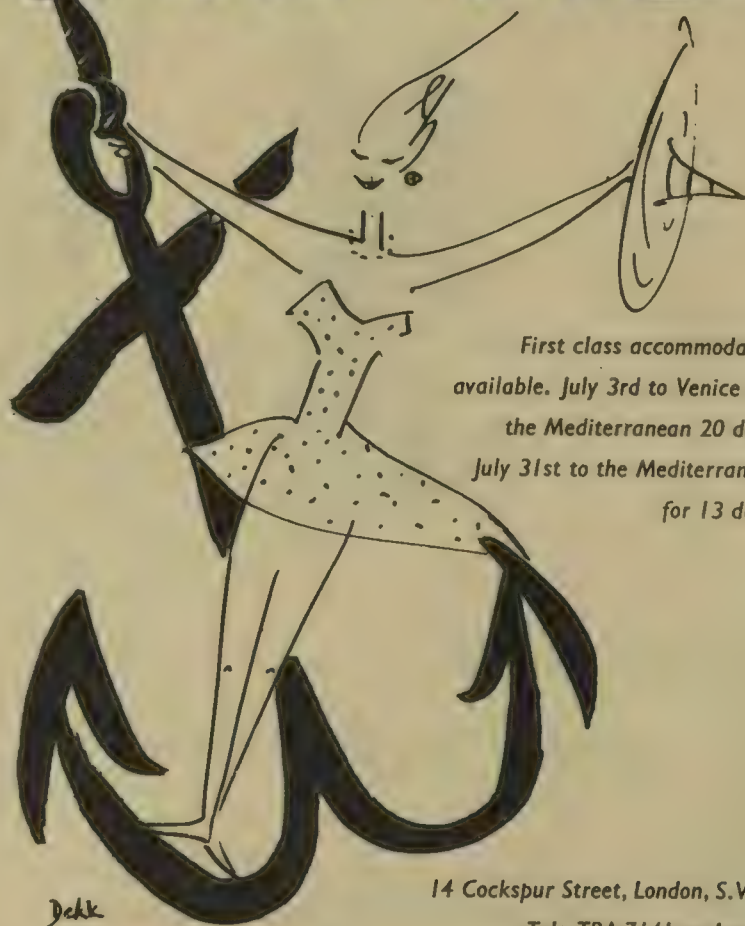
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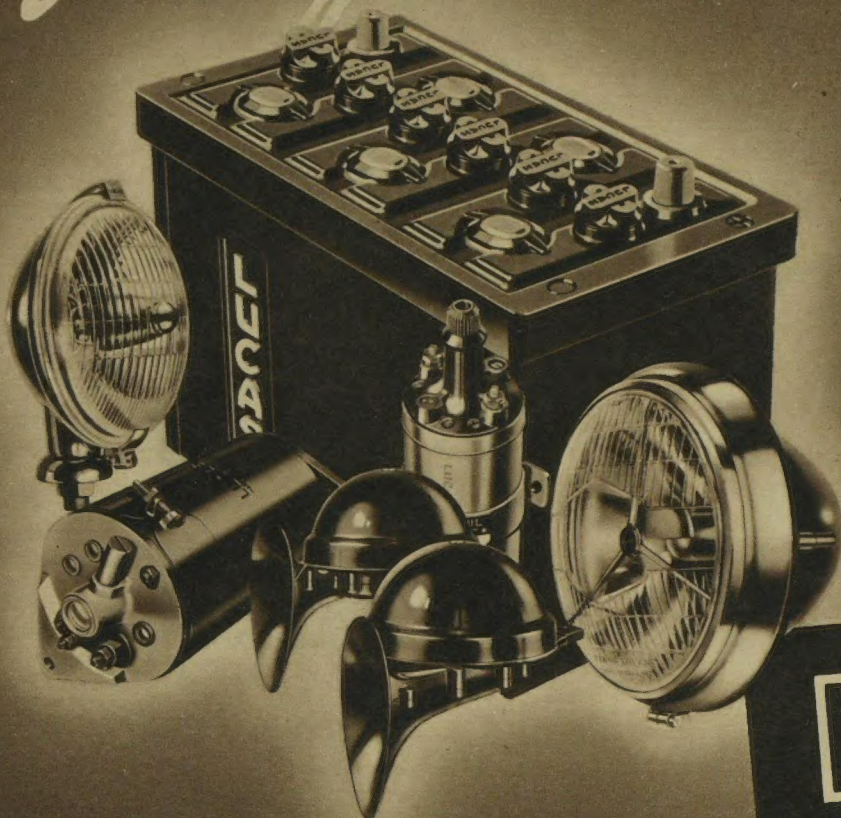
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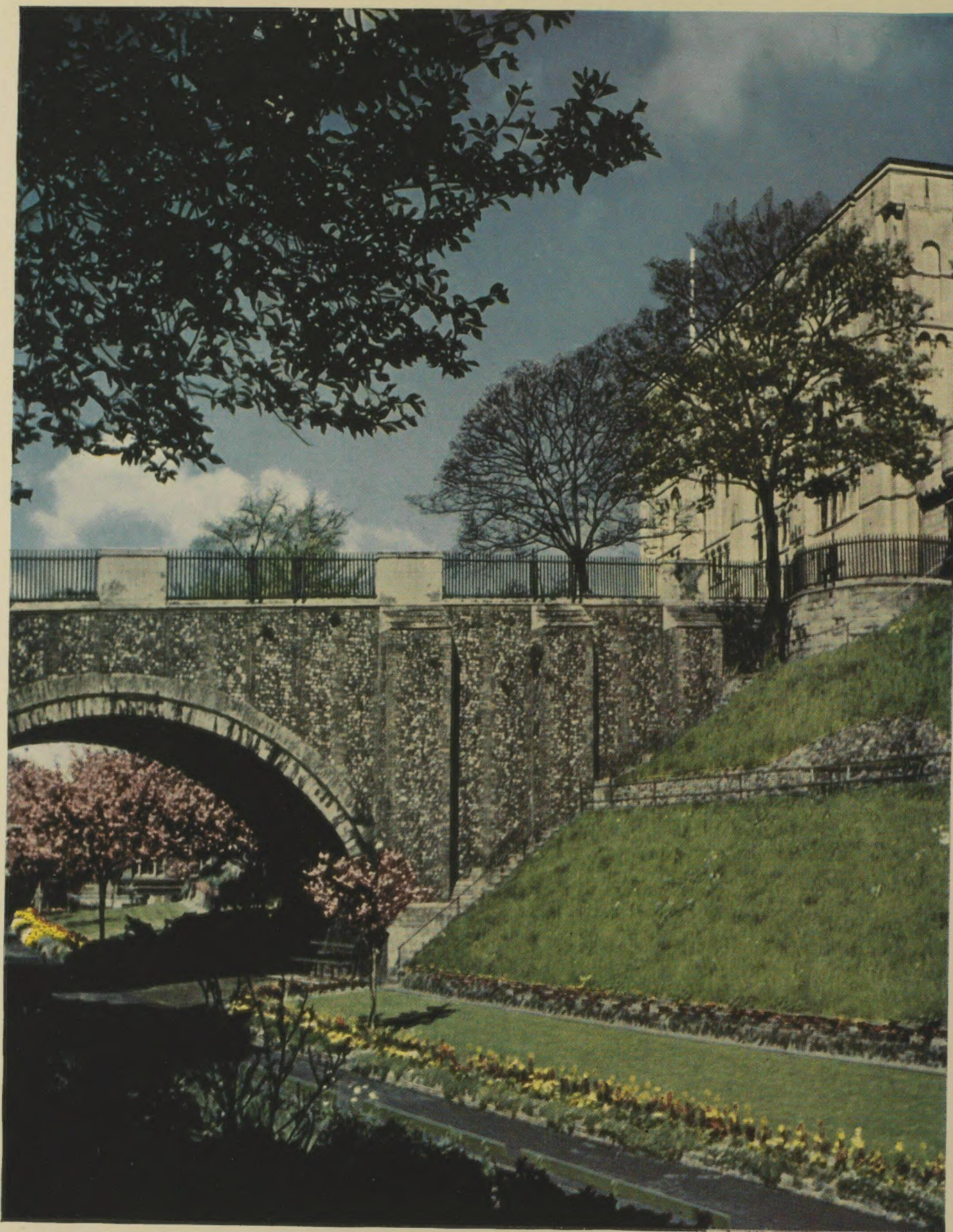
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